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No preconceived theory, therefore, directs Mr. Lee's attempt to date the Sonnets, which, like every sensible man, he takes to be autobiographical. Consequently he looks straight at the facts, and the facts lead him to a conclusion which is novel. The Sonnets were published in 1609. Shakespeare in them speaks of himself frequently as being past his prime:

"That time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon the boughs."

And many critics have been tempted to associate the emotional crisis which the Sonnets describe with the mood that generated "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," "Timon of Athens," "Antony and Cleopatra." Yet in 1602-3, when the first of these plays was written, the story was already an old one. As early as 1599, Jaggard published piratically, in the "Passionate Pilgrim," two of the Sonnets, one of which (exliv.) is the plainest statement of the tragic situation:

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair
Which, like two spirits do suggest me still,
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

The rest of this poem states the further complication. Moreover, in 1598, Meres mentions the poet's "sugred sonnets among his private friends." It is certain, then, that some of the sonnets were written eleven years before the date of publication, and that the love story dated, at latest, from Shakespeare's thirty-fifth year. The question of age raises no difficulty; a man halfway through the thirties, who had lived Shakespeare's laborious existence, would feel battered enough beside such a radiant young Apollo as he describes. But Mr. Lee wishes to push the date still further back, to the period when Shakespeare was best known as the poet of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." In 1595 "Edward III." was ready for publication, and it contains a line from Sonnet xciv. Further back still, in 1594—Shakespeare's thirtieth year—there was published "Willolie his Avisa," in which the writer relates how, in search of a cure for unhappy love, he appealed to "his familiar friend, W. S. (an old player), who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion, and was now nearly recovered of the like infection." Here Mr. Lee does not command our assent. If all else fitted in, we should not stick at the identification of W. S. with Shakespeare. But, in the first place, we hold that the man who speaks in the Sonnets is a man at least verging on middle age; whereas, if W. S. were Shakespeare, he could not be thirty. Secondly, as to the line in "Edward III.", the sonnet may quote the play as naturally as the play the sonnet. At most, it proves that Sonnet xciv. was written before 1595; and this sonnet, which begins—

"They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the things they most do show"—

is the hardest of the whole series to interpret. Does it refer to the youth or the lady

of the Sonnets? It is by no means an unlikely conjecture that the series, as published in 1609, includes, besides those directly connected with the love-story, such other poems of the same form as Shakespeare had at any time written. We do not place the Sonnets, therefore, so early as Mr. Lee does; but he has proved to demonstration that the story cannot be placed later in Shakespeare's life than his thirty-fifth year; and, consequently, that when he sketched in Cleopatra such a woman as he wrote of in the Sonnets he was going back on ten-year-old memories.

As to the persons, Mr. Lee makes short work of the view that Mr. W. H. was William Herbert. Not taking his view of the date, we attach little importance to the fact that Herbert was only fourteen in 1594. The important thing is, that in 1609 he was not Mr. W. H. but the Earl of Pembroke. T. T., Thomas Thorpe the publisher, had previously dedicated works to him, in which, as was natural, he gave to his patron full benefit of his titles. With Herbert disappears Mary Fitton. Even if the identification were otherwise probable, dates forbid it. Herbert's entanglement with that lady dates from 1600, a year after Sonnet xciv. was well known enough to be pirated by Jaggard. Who then was the youth? Mr. Lee answers, on grounds of general probability, Southampton, the only noble with whom Shakespeare is known to have been on friendly terms, and whom he addresses in the preface to Lucrece in phrases that recall the tone of the Sonnets. Mr. W. H. the "only begetter" is, he thinks, the gentleman who "begot" or procured them for publication. "Beget" certainly has this sense in Elizabethan English, but we doubt this interpretation.

In the way of disagreement we have to suggest that Mr. Lee hardly allows enough weight to the influence of Lylly, who was the model for Shakespeare's prose style. In his interesting history of foreign opinion he does not emphasise sufficiently the epoch making production of De Vigny's "Othello" in 1829, the year before "Hernani," and Shakespeare's relation to the whole romantic school.

One interesting point is, we think new; but who can say what has not been said before in Shakesperian criticism? Ben Jonson in the *Poetaster* calls himself Horace. He speaks episodically of another poet whom he names Virgil, and thus describes his talent:

"His learning labours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and
terms . . .
Nor any long or far-fetched circumstance—
Wrapt in the curious generalities of arts—
But a direct and analytical sum
Of all the worth and first effect of arts.
And, for his poesy, 'tis so rammed with life
That it shall gather strength of life with being,
And live hereafter, more admired than now."

The resemblance to Jonson's lines prefixed to the folio of 1623 is striking, and if the line we have italicised does not apply to Shakespeare, to whom does it apply?

The article is a masterly piece of workmanship, well worthy of the monumental publication in which it appears.

BAD WOMEN.

Lives of Twelve Bad Women. Illustrations and Reviews of Feminine Turpitude set forth by Impartial Hands. Edited by Arthur Vincent. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This is a book for cynics; but the cynic "as is a cynic," we imagine, will find it somewhat mild and disappointing. To the true-hearted cynic human wickedness is a matter of such day-by-day banality that a fresh specimen, to pique his interest, must either be rare in kind or excessive in degree. But of these poor twelve bad women celebrated by Mr. Arthur Vincent and his colleagues the honest cynic will feel that many were not much worse than the average of their sex, and that as for the others their badness was of a deplorably trite and uninspiring pattern.

Alice Perrers, for example, the favourite of King Edward III., and the first on the list of Mr. Vincent's "illustrations," appears, when all is said, to have done nothing more extraordinary than seize occasion by the forelock and put by a bit of money. Who will blame her for that? She understood, with fine feminine intuition, that an aged monarch could scarce be counted on to live for ever, and that for herself the situation was certainly one of "After him, the deluge." Rainy days would be sure to fall thick and fast; so Alice gathered her rosebuds while the sun shone. Her methods, it might be objected, were a trifle brusque and lacking in restraint; but then, it may be counterclaimed, they had a bold and noble picturesqueness. When Edward lay a-dying, for an instance, she drew the rings from his fingers and slipped them into her pocket. Other times other ways. Alice, though sprung of base ancestry enough, had not enjoyed the refining influences of a Board school education.

The second heroine presented to us by Mr. Vincent was likewise by name an Alice: Alice Arden, stepdaughter of Sir Edward North and wife to Thomas Arden, of Faversham, gent. "As malignant fate would have it, Alice became enamoured of a certain low-bred fellow, one Richard Mosby, a tailor by trade, and a servant in the North family—an ill-featured, odious rascal, of a swarthy complexion." And she and her tailor hired a couple of professional bullies to stab superfluous Thomas Arden in the back. To your cynic mere murder is a commonplace; he finds it every morning in his penny paper. But that a gentlewoman should bestow her affection upon a swarthy, low-bred mechanic is more serious. So we are glad to read that Alice was burned at Canterbury on March 14, 1551.

Mary Frith, alias Moll Cutpurse, who flourished from 1584 to 1659, was chiefly remarkable for the fact that she "walked in man's apparel," and could by no means be persuaded to embarrass herself with skirts. She was haled for this eccentricity before the Court of Arches, and "sentenced to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross." She did her penance like the very man she would simulate, being maudlin drunk the while; and immediately afterwards resumed her breeches. For the rest,

as her sobriquet implies, she was a common pickpocket, which signifies nothing to the cynic, who has schooled himself to regard pocket-picking as simply one of a hundred inevitable trades. Though harassed times enough by an inquisitive police, Moll always contrived somehow to cheat the gallows. She died a natural death, and left a will (if you please) "with a special provision that twenty pounds were to be set aside, that Fleet-street Conduit might run with wine at her expense when the King came home." The loyal soul! Another common, necessary pickpocket, to whom a chapter of this volume is devoted, was Jenny Diver, born about 1700. But Jenny had nothing like Moll's luck, being hanged at Tyburn in 1741.

The story of the doing to death of Sir Thomas Overbury, in the Tower of London, by the machinations of Lady Frances Howard, is not a pretty story, nor yet, to our thinking, an interesting story. Mere murder, we have ventured to protest before, is a commonplace. Lady Frances, it will be remembered, was the divorced wife of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and the affianced bride of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Overbury was Carr's friend, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the projected marriage. "Will you never leave the company of that base woman?" was his blunt inquiry. Shortly thereafter Overbury found himself a close prisoner in the Tower, whither Lady Frances, anonymously, sent him poisoned tarts and jellies, while the under-keeper Weston, at Lady Frances's instigation, "mixed rosaker with his broth" (whatever rosaker may be; it sounds like something rather nice). The result was that Sir Thomas Overbury died. A couple of years later the Earl and Countess of Somerset were put to their trial for this ungenial crime, condemned to death, and finally, by the King's grace, pardoned. A tedious history, and a horrid.

That merry old soul, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, seems to us to have no right or title to a place in a galaxy of women typically bad. She was a termagant, if you like, and she improved her opportunities as the King's mistress to "make her pile." But if every woman with a tongue in her head is to be accounted bad, how many good women shall we have left in the world? And as for her money-hunger, that, after all, in the circumstances, was no more than human nature. We confess we have ever had a sneaking fondness for Barbara. She was exceedingly handsome, for one thing; and for another, she managed and hectored poor Old Rowley in a fashion that makes one want to hug her. As a literary portrait of her, that given by Mr. Alfred Kalisch in this volume strikes us as far too sombre and ascetic. We prefer Mr. Marriott Watson's brilliant sketch in "Galloping Dick."

Elizabeth Brownrigg (1720-1767) was, indeed, a thorough "bad 'un." "Cruelty personified" is Mr. Vincent's description of her. But the story of how she beat and tortured her apprentices is again, to our thinking, a story as dull as it is horrid—a story to be skipped. Dull, too, is the story of Elizabeth Canning. Elizabeth Canning,

was a housemaid and a liar. Well, most housemaids (if you doubt it, ask the cook) are liars, even if most liars are not housemaids; and Elizabeth expiated her perjury by seven years' transportation.

A third Elizabeth, Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, was a mercenary lady, of elastic virtue, who succeeded in muddling up her marriage relations to such a degree that she was at last convicted of bigamy, and, to the "great satisfaction" of Hannah More, "undignified and unduchessed, while she very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand." "This unprincipled, wilful, licentious woman," Hannah More called her; which only proves that, whether a prig or not, Hannah More was certainly no cynic. We remember another judgment of Hannah More's—to wit, that the theatre, she considered, was an institution "not becoming the countenance of a Christian." So perhaps she was generally a thought too austere.

Mary Bateman (1768-1809) did a lively business for a while as a witch and wonder-worker in various parts of Yorkshire. But, her most notable "miracle," and the process whereby she accomplished it, are matters a little too nauseous to be repeated. 'Twas all a-nent an egg her hen had laid, "bearing inscribed on it the words, 'Crist is coming.'" For this alone she more than deserved the gallows. It was, however, for the poisoning of Rebecca Perigo that she was hanged. Mr. Vincent shows a fine sense of the *mot juste* when he qualifies her as "a beastly woman." But why anyone should care to read of her beastliness is a puzzle for the cynic.

The head and front of the offending of Teresia Constantia Phillips seems to have been her inability to learn from experience the elemental truth that men were deceivers ever. Her first husband, Mynheer Muilman, treated her disgustingly enough in all conscience; yet, nothing daunted, she went on marrying and re-marrying to the end of her days, so that her last husband, if we reckon right, was her fifth. Between her marriages, no doubt, there were parentheses in which the place of husband was filled by a "protector"; but the cynic recognises necessity as the mother of many things besides invention, and forbears to cast a stone. Mr. Gilbert Burgess, who tells Constantia's story, holds that "no other ground of excuse and forgiveness can be found for her than that of *quia multum amavit*." We ourselves should be disposed to admit, as further softening circumstances, her pretty face and her pretty handwriting. Her autograph, as reproduced beneath her portrait, at the beginning of Mr. Burgess's article, is quite beautiful.

The twelfth and last of the ladies here commemorated is that sprightly and charming Mary Anne Clarke who, in the early years of this century, gained celebrity and excited envy as the extravagant favourite of the Duke of York. The Duke being Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces, and Mrs. Clarke commandress-in-chief of the Duke, young gentlemen desiring commissions, and officers pining for promotion, knew where to go "to be suited." Mrs. Clarke charged something like half the

regulation prices. By and by the Duke tired of her and abandoned her, and of course forgot to pay the pension he had promised. We quite agree with George the Gorgeous, who "said that he thought his brother's conduct very shabby." Mrs. Clarke, however, had her revenge : she was the principal witness against the Duke, in Colonel Wardle's impeachment of him to the House of Commons. And what though the House, perfunctorily enough, acquitted His Royal Highness of "personal corruption," most of us "hae our doots" on that score. Anyhow, Mrs. Clarke went to Paris, and "there lived a quiet and reputable life, devoting her undoubted talents to the education of her children"—till she died in 1852. It seems to us rather unfair and unhumorous to include her in a book of twelve "bad" women. She was no saint, indeed ; but one should be tried by the standards of one's class and period, by one's temptations and opportunities. No, we can't think it right to include Mary Anne Clarke in a catalogue of women distinctively bad.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE MATOPPOS.

With Plumer in Matabeleland. By Frank W. Sykes. (Constable.)

THIS bright, breezy book is the best account which has yet appeared of the recent fighting in Matabeleland. Mr. Sykes served as a trooper in the M.R.F., and this story of his experiences gives us an excellent idea of the difficult conditions under which the war was waged, and explains very clearly why its operations were indecisive to the end. The military arrangements throughout had to be governed by two paramount considerations—distance and the difficulties of transport. Buluwayo was 585 miles away from the railway terminus at Mafeking, and the rinderpest was working wholesale havoc among the draught cattle. Indeed, the horror of that long march quite eclipsed anything which the relieving force had to put up with when it came to the actual scene of the rebellion. And the cattle plague did more than make the movement of troops exceedingly difficult; it regulated the scale on which the campaign could be conducted. More men might have been got to the front, but it would have been impossible to feed them ; and this is the reason why a mere handful were set the impossible task of harrying the natives out of their strongholds in the Matoppos, and why a campaign which seemed likely to end in a "draw" had to be brought to a close by a peace made at the risk of Mr. Rhodes's life.

The march to the front was often through miles of putrefaction. The road was lined with dead oxen, the victims of the rinderpest. "It was a common occurrence to see the remains of whole spans, twenty or thirty, lying about within a radius of 100 yards." Often beside the rotting carcasses of the oxen were found the still laden wagons which their owners had been forced to abandon. These derelicts of the veldt, deserted and stranded, were a terrible temptation to thirsty and tired men not yet accustomed to military or

any other discipline. The common excuse was: "If we don't, someone else will"; and the suggestion that such desirable stores might as well benefit British troopers as be left to be appropriated by Dutch transport riders from across the Transvaal border made every conscience easy. In many cases, accordingly, the men of the relieving force

"freely plundered whatever they found on or near the wagons, breaking open cases of liquor, provisions, clothing, &c., and wantonly destroying or exposing to the weather what they were not in a position to make use of. American clocks were set up as targets. Hats, ties and other articles of clothing were hung about on trees. All kinds of liquor were broached and consumed on the premises. Champagne and liqueurs were drained out of tin mugs, while whisky, brandy and other spirits were tossed down by the bottle."

What wonder if the poor traders in Buluwayo when they heard of these things bitterly declared that the force which had been sent to relieve them had certainly relieved them of their goods. In many instances, however—indeed, whenever proofs were forthcoming—the Chartered Company paid compensation.

We get many glimpses of the ruthless way in which this avenging war was carried on. Thus we are told quite simply that when flanking parties on the march came across stragglers they were "either ridden down and shot on sight, or made prisoners and despatched by a firing party on the confines of the laager." The description of the fighting in the hills is graphic and effective, and helps us to understand what a murderous sort of "hide and seek" game it was. The superior arms of the whites were largely balanced by the superior agility of the natives and their knowledge of the country, the nature of which often enabled them to fire with deadly certainty, at close range, from behind rocks. Smoking the rebels out of their caves, and then shooting them as they bolted, was comparatively safe work ; and occasionally the raiders were rewarded by the capture of great numbers of cattle and goats, but more often they would have to mourn the loss of half a dozen comrades, and then wonder whether that of the enemy had been at all greater in proportion. The inadequate numbers at the disposal of the British commanders led to the adoption of radically wrong tactics. The weak point of the plan adopted was clearly pointed out by a native critic when he said,

"the column would march into the hills and have a fight, and then at night go back to camp. That is no way to fight the Matabele. You must sleep in the hills after the battle, and keep on following the enemy from one kopje to another, and kill so many that you break his heart. But instead of that you go back to camp, the Matabele thinks you have had enough of it, and soon they collect together again, and are more confident than ever again."

In fact, it became apparent that a much larger force would have to be got together, and that, with the difficulties of transport, meant a long delay, or else a chain of forts would have to be built, by means of which the rebels might in time be starved into surrender. It was left to Mr. Rhodes to suggest a third alternative — that of

securing peace by direct negotiations. It is an old story now how Mr. Rhodes carried out his own suggestion and induced the rebel chiefs to lay down their arms. It is an old story, but it is excellently well told in these pages. And it is impossible not to feel something of sympathy with these savage chiefs who so honourably respected the confidence the white man had placed in them, and who, addressing Mr. Rhodes, as he sat in their midst upon an ant-hill bare-headed and unarmed, said, "We are the nation. We have submitted to you, our father and great chief. Only remain in the country to look after us, and do not come and go."

In describing the causes which led to the massacres of the white settlers in the early stages of the rebellion our author lays stress upon the action of the Company in claiming Lobengula's cattle by right of conquest after the war of 1893. Obviously in the case of an absolute and savage despot it was difficult to distinguish between the royal herds and those which were the property of the subordinate chiefs. This led to a system by which the Native Commissioners were authorised to collect and send in a certain number of head each month according to the size of their respective districts. This system of appropriation was in force for eleven months, but as it was necessarily carried out in a rough and arbitrary manner, it led to much friction. Subsequently, at a meeting of the head-men of the nation, it was agreed that the Government should take 45 per cent. of the cattle, and that the remaining 55 per cent. should be branded N. C. (native cattle) and returned to the natives for their own use. Then came the rinderpest ; and the enforced shooting of the animals so given back made the natives desperate. After that it seemed useless to trust the good faith of the white man any more. However, peace is now once more established, and confidence to some extent restored, and the approach of the railway to Buluwayo has revolutionised the conditions of any future struggle.

It only remains to say that Mr. Sykes's volume is freely illustrated with photographs and with some very spirited sketches.

A COLLECTOR'S CONFESSIONS.

The Confessions of a Collector. By William G. Hazlitt. (Ward & Downey.)

Book-lovers may be divided into two classes: those who love books for their matter, and those who love books for their form. One of the most voracious and retentive readers we ever knew never had more than a score or so of books in his rooms at Oxford. He bought, read, digested and sold ; having made his mental meal, he did not care to see the relics of yesterday's dinner littering the place. He belonged to the former of the two classes. Mr. Hazlitt, into whose "Confessions" we have been dipping, is as typical a member of the latter class as you could wish to find. For years he has been a well-known frequenter of sale-rooms ; he has burrowed among

bookshelves, and spent a considerable portion of his life in handling the products of other men's brains. And yet from his confessions one may gather that in his view a book is not a thing to read, but a thing to pick up cheap and sell at a profit. And the impression left on our mind after reading this book, is that the true bibliophile stands on precisely the same level as the speculator in wheat-futures.

It is true that Mr. Hazlitt apologises for the commercial tone which leaves so unpleasant a taste in the mouth of the reader of his book. The *res angusta domi* compelled him to look after the pence, and his ambition was to draw up a catalogue of our earlier national literature. Wherefore he entered into engagements with certain private collectors, and also the British Museum, to seek for rarities and pass them on at a profit. One of his earliest clients appears to have been Mr. Henry Huth, whose library Mr. Hazlitt engaged to complete, and thereupon entered on a search for anything that could be bought at a reasonable price, described in his catalogue, and then resold to one or other of the wealthy collectors with whom he had relations. Forty years or so dealing in rare books has certainly supplied Mr. Hazlitt with an intimate knowledge of the varying values of editions and the tactics which are necessary to leave an auction room with a coveted work and the certainty of profit. For example, here is Mr. Hazlitt's description of his method at Arthur's, a shop which used to be found in Holywell-street:

"While Arthur was in business, there was a grammatical tract in English printed by De Worde in his catalogue at £3 3s. I went in to ask for it, and Ridler said that I could not have it. (Ridler was Arthur's assistant.) 'Is it out of the house?' I inquired. 'No,' said he, 'but it is put aside for a gentleman who always gives me something for myself.' 'What does he give you?' said I. 'A shilling,' quoth he. 'I will give you two.' The lot left the shop in my pocket."

This same Ridler must have been a quaint study. He described a certain volume as "difficult of procuration." It is pleasant to be able to record that Ridler had his reward in this world. The passage in which Mr. Hazlitt describes this is worth quoting as an illustration of his style and the chaotic state of his punctuation, which in the rest of our quotations we take the liberty of correcting:

"There are many among us, who remember Arthur in Holywell-street. He was a singular character, and had been a porter, I think, at one of the auction-rooms. My purchases of him were very numerous; and they were always right and reasonable, or I should not have been his client. He left £400 to Mr. Ridler his assistant, who, called in Reeves to appraise the stock, and obtained it within that amount."

It seems clear that Ridler got something; but we cannot decide whether it was the stock or the £400, and, if so, within what amount. At all events, if Arthur was always as fortunate as in the following transaction, he could afford to be generous to his assistant, so we hope it was the stock.

"It was Arthur who had the only copy ever been [surely the author wrote 'seen'] with the colophon of Slatyer's *Palaeobion*, 1621; he got it for a few shillings of Lazarus in the same street, and sold it to Sir Thomas Phillips, of Middle Hill, for £15."

Only for a few years, however, did Mr. Hazlitt confine his attention to books. He is a born collector, though a collector who values his find not for its intrinsic interest, but for its potential price in the market. The slightest impulse turned his energies to a new field. Someone gave his little son a bag of coins, forthwith Mr. Hazlitt was seized with numismmania. He caught philately by seeing a collection of stamps in Reynolds's shop, but relinquished the pursuit because he "was advised that the liability to deception was excessive." Old china and pictures, too, engaged his attention; and you will find, if you can suppress your irritation at Mr. Hazlitt's style, his punctuation, and his all-pervading egotism, many curious glimpses of the underside of the curiosity market. Did you ever hear of the "circular system" which appears to be adopted by dealers in old china? It is the system "by which curiosities go the round of the watering-places and spas in quest of homes. I saw a Worcester jug at Bournemouth which had visited nearly every resort in the kingdom, and still awaited an admirer."

The picture market, as many of Mr. Hazlitt's stories prove, is beset with traps for the unwary. At Sotheby's, some years ago, a portrait of Charles I. appeared. "It was," says Mr. Hazlitt,

"a likeness of Charles the II. in the first instance; but an ingenious person, judging that the Martyred monarch was more negotiable than the Merry one, and unwittingly oblivious of the discordant costume, had painted in a head of Charles the First."

The collector of books, as you will find from these Confessions, has his ups and downs, his profits and his losses, just as those who speculate in pork. "I am perhaps entitled," says the author in his concluding chapter,

"to pay myself a few compliments on the singular rarity of occasions which have found me on the losing and victimised side. Thrice have I suffered for my sins; for it was always my own fault. I handled things which I did not understand; it is an error against which I should urge everyone to guard most strenuously."

And one of those errors Mr. Hazlitt managed to repair to some extent at the expense of a younger and more ignorant collector. It was a little matter of a xylographic block in which he found himself deceived. Here are the closing words of his Confessions, in which the commercial note of the book is well sustained:

"How grateful I was to the enthusiast in his teens who, when I had wasted a five-pound note on a worm-eaten xylographic block, put down a couple of guineas for it, and left me only poorer by the difference!"

SUPERFLUOUS CRITICISM.

The Old Dramatists: Conjectural Readings.
By K. Deighton. (Constable & Co.)

A LITTLE more than a century ago few subjects were of keener interest to scholars all the world over than the possibility of amending a doubtful or corrupt reading in any given classic. It was a game that suited the large leisure and considered ingenuity of our great-great-grandfathers. But to us whose days can never be described as spacious, whose eager panting existences are hedged in by vital problems that never touched those unpopulous days, such a pastime seems idle in its very essence. The taste for such things has gradually disappeared from the land; it lingered perhaps in some degree down to the death of Macaulay, who took a curious pleasure in the scholastic quibbles of the eighteenth century, and who was never so happy as when he was describing the history of the Battle of the Books, and carefully distinguishing between Bentley, the editor of Horace, and Bentley, the editor of Milton. When, therefore, in this year of grace, you come across a book of conjectural readings on the texts, not even of world-wide classics, but of old dramatists who, however extensively they may be admired, are certainly not often read—Marston, Marlowe, Heywood, Dekker, and Webster among others—you feel that it is a work born out of due season. This should be no volume in green cloth cover printed in clearest and most modern types; it should come bound in solid calf, with a rippling gold margin on the covers, with yellow leaves and heavy, solemn type. The date on its title-page should be MDCCXVII., not this gay and sprightly 1896; you cannot associate it, in a word, with the present condition of Hyde Park Corner or the modern London aspect, say, of the New North Road.

But if the book seems idle in its essence we know no epithet wherewith to describe the idleness of its details. Let us consider a few of the examples. In *The Faun* the following rather absurd observation is made:

"No, let my wise, aged, learned, intelligent father—that can *interpret* eyes, understand the language of birds, interpret the grumbling of dogs, &c."

"For 'interpret eyes'" calmly comments Mr. Deighton, "I think we should read 'penetrate eyes,' the word 'interpret' being caught from the line below." He gives no further reason for the substitution of that meaningless phrase "penetrate eyes," being evidently persuaded that no writer could possibly use the same word twice intelligently in one sentence when it was possible to use another word unintelligently.

In *Sophonisba* the perfectly straightforward line occurs:

"Close the vault's mouth lest we do slip in drink."

"Probably *sleep*," says Mr. Deighton, although he kindly allows that *slip* may mean "be guilty of carelessness." Of course it is not sleep, nor does *slip* mean "guilty

of carelessness." The word is "slip," and the meaning is the obvious one; men slip when they are in drink, though perhaps Mr. Deighton is unaware of it, as a casual walk down London streets on a Saturday night would prove to him; besides, only by reading the line as it stands is the warning made clear. It would be impossible, and, indeed, if it were possible, it would be unnecessary to accumulate examples of this kind; but one or two further emendations of a peculiarly unprovoked nature may be selected. In *Eastward Ho!* occurs the line,

"Poor man, how weak he is! the weak water has wasted away his strength."

"The second weak," says Mr. Deighton, should, I think, be omitted; and perhaps we should read *washed* for *wasted*." We leave that without comment; it appeals to us as the very superfluity of idleness. The following, however, goes one better still. This passage occurs in *Valentinian*:

"The winged feet of flying enemies
I have stood and view'd thee mow away like
rushes
And still kill the killer."

They are not very glorious lines, but their meaning is perfectly plain. "I have viewed thee mow away flying enemies," the speaker says, "and at the same time kill the enemies who were not flying, but killed as they advanced." Now observe Mr. Deighton's amazing correction. "I would read," he says:

"And still toil kill the killer":

i.e., though you mowed them down like rushes, so great was their number that you were almost dead with the mere labour of slaying. The word *toil* is sufficiently like *kill* to have been accidentally omitted." How "still toil kill the killer" could ever come on earth to mean "you were almost dead with the labour of slaying," human ingenuity will never be able to explain to us; if it meant anything—and we have our doubts if it ever could mean anything—it would imply that the man was dead outright, a ridiculous conclusion; but the introduction of the word "toil" is itself a monstrous assumption, and is not really justified by possessing the illumination of one shred of meaning. Perhaps, however, the most unconsciously humorous passage in this curious book is apropos of the following lines from *The Woman's Prize*:

"They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main-pot-lids
Like massy rocks, dart ladies, tossing irons,
And tongs like thunderbolts."

Nares, it appears, thinks that "tossing irons" means pokers; but Mr. Deighton is not to be ruled by a mere Nares; "rather, I fancy," says he—"shovels."

With that quotation we may cease. In that last unfortunate emendation the significance, the aims, and the ambitions of all such labours are summed up. Mr. Deighton may complain that we regard the matter from too utilitarian a point of view, and that he concerns himself less with railways and shares than with art; but we will not even leave him that vantage-ground. If he had

really taken up some hopelessly corrupt M.S. of beautiful literary art, and, by his shining inspiration, had brought it back to the loveliness of its creation, he would have deserved well of the world. This has, however, been neither his ambition nor, certainly, his achievement. He has pottered over little lines of poetry about which, for the most part, it does not matter whether they were written thus or thus, and which do not seem to us much to be bettered even by a change from darkness into twilight. We may summarise the whole matter by declaring it as our honest opinion that it would probably be of the highest importance to Mr. Deighton to know (if any doubt on the matter existed) whether the missiles which the cook threw at the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland* were pokers or shovels; he might never have guessed that they were frying-pans.

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Norman Macleod. By John Wellwood.
(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

THE "Famous Scots Series," of which this is the latest volume, is a lesson to biographers in the matter of brevity. The volumes comprising it each fill about 150 pages, and they prove how possible it is to give within those limits a life-like portrait of a remarkable personage. The length of modern biographies is their bane. Many a good man's memory has been smothered of late years in the pages written to keep it alive. We have seen this again and again. And if, as we hold, is mournfully true, biography has become largely dissociated from fine literary work, is it not due to this passion for length? The abandonment of selection and condensation which reigns in biography would wreck any literary art. In most cases a long biography is an unfair tax. We have few years in which to live our own lives, and write our own letters. We do not say that a biographer should give us, in place of an oil portrait, only a sketch; rather let him paint us a miniature that we can look closely into, and even fondle. If only when a man of note—not of the very first fame—passes from us, we could look to have in a year's time a short biography, written with as much art as goes to many a second-rate story!

Well, here is a life of Norman Macleod in 150 pages. We have enjoyed it very much. Macleod seems remote now, like all early Victorian men and things; but he was a fine fellow, and we have not been bored even by his ancestry. The Macleods issued from the cool, bare Hebrides, where the first of three Norman Macleods met Dr. Johnson at Dunvegan Castle. This Norman Macleod's grandson, *the Norman*, grew up in Campbeltown, a free and fearless lad, to whom "the beauty and the mystery, the ships and the magic of the sea," were a daily joy. At Glasgow Old College he was known as "the sailor." He assiduously neglected his studies in favour of mimicry and an ebullient sense of fun. Then the voice of Chalmers reached him; and the

death of a brother sobered him; and a visit to Weimar broadened him; and he came back to Glasgow a serious student. But never did a certain reckless humour cease to startle and educate his brethren.

The sober story of Macleod's maturing life and his ministry, kindles into interest at several points. There was his intimate connexion with Her Majesty the Queen, both before and after the death of the Prince Consort. He first preached before the Queen in 1854 at Balmoral, and it is amusing to find the Queen describing his sermon in her diary as "extempore"; Macleod had preached it only fifteen times! Five months after the death of the Prince Consort the Queen came to Balmoral and sent for Norman Macleod. It is well-known that his ministry to Her Majesty at this sad period was such as to win her deepest regard. Macleod became a great favourite at the Queen's Scottish court, but we wish Mr. Wellwood did not labour so hard to convince us of it. One incident is mentioned by him as "a crowning instance" of Macleod's intimacy with the Queen. It should have been given on its merits. "The Queen," wrote Macleod, "sat down to spin at a nice Scotch wheel, while I read Robert Burns to her, 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'A man's a man for a' that,' her favourite." What do our Kailyard precisians think of Macleod writing "*Scotch*"? Macleod was a Kailyard-writer himself, but we need not pause to discuss his stories: they were honest stuff, and they are forgotten. Mr. Wellwood wants to know why they are forgotten—"when work similar to his, only duller, is boomed over all the earth." Well, it isn't duller, and in those days booms were reserved for Thackeray and Dickens. Besides, Macleod's stories are thirty years old, and thirty years from now they will not be more forgotten than some stories we could name.

Macleod's storm and stress period was connected with the Sunday question. As late as 1834 the General Assembly had gravely entered on its minutes: "Multitudes, forgetful of their immortal interests, are accustomed to wander in the fields." Macleod believed in wandering in the fields, and when the Glasgow presbytery issued a pastoral letter about Sunday trains, basing the sanctity of Sunday on the Decalogue, Macleod read it from his pulpit, and then proceeded to demolish it. "Christians," he said, "had nothing to do with the Sabbath." "The Decalogue had been nailed to the cross of Christ," &c. There was an earth-shaking outcry. Macleod was cut dead by his clerical brethren, and hissed in the streets by one of them. Says Mr. Wellwood:

"With the common folk it was probably the word Decalogue that did all the mischief. What it was they did not exactly know, but it was an awful thing, the Decalogue, like the Equator; and 'Norman Macleod was for daein' awa' wi't,' as, with scared face and bated breath, they told one another in the streets."

But in the same streets an old woman, "blinking in the brilliant weather, was overheard saying to herself"—one day long after this—"Eh, but Providence has been kind to Norman, gi'en him sic a grand day for his funeral." That tells much.

QUEEN AND PRINCESS.

The Mirror of the Sinful Soul. Translated from the French of Margaret of Navarre by the Princess Elizabeth. Edited for the Royal Society of Literature by Percy W. Ames. (Asher.)

THE facsimile which the Royal Society of Literature has given to the world is an interesting memorial of two remarkable women. It is taken from a MS. translation of *Le Miroir de l'Âme Pécheresse* of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, written by the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England. Elizabeth was only eleven years old at the time and in disgrace at court, and her task appears to have been performed as a New Year's gift for her stepmother and consistent friend, Queen Katharine Parr. The MS. is written in Elizabeth's own hand, a childish unformed hand, but beautifully clear, and already showing traces of the exquisite calligraphy of her later years. And the elaborately embroidered cover is probably the work of Elizabeth's own needle. It is wrought in gold and silver wire on a ground of blue silk, and the device includes the Queen's initials in the centre and a heartsease or pansy at each corner. Needlework, handwriting, and translation alike testify to the talents and accomplishments which all the chroniclers unite in ascribing to Elizabeth's childhood.

It is curious to find the future champion of the English Reformation already busied with one of the most characteristic products of the early reforming spirit in France. Mr. Ames suggests, plausibly enough, that the copy of the *Miroir* with which Elizabeth worked may have been a relic of her own mother, the light and ill-starred Anne Boleyn. For Anne Boleyn had gone to France in the train of Mary Tudor, and had then passed into the service of Queen Claude, and, finally, into that of Margaret herself, at that time Duchess of Alençon. Mr. Ames also points out that Margaret might well, on two occasions, have been in a position to exercise a far more important influence on English history. Her hand was sought in marriage by Henry VII. in 1503, and again by Henry VIII., when doubts as to the union with Catherine of Arragon first began to trouble his tender conscience. Well might it have been for England if this large-brained, high-spirited, deep-souled woman, and not Anne Boleyn, had become her queen. For surely the whole pageant of European history during the fifteenth century presents no more sympathetic figure than her whom her royal brother loved to call "the pearl of Valois." "My sister Margaret," said Francis the First, "is the only woman I ever knew who has every virtue and every grace without one mixture of vice"; and even Henry the Second, not guiltless in his conduct toward his aunt, had no less gracious an eulogy for her virtue: "If it were not for my aunt Margaret, I should doubt the existence of such a thing as genuine goodness on the earth, but never have I been disappointed in her." Brantôme's ribald pen was not above laying scandal—undeserved, we may be sure—to Margaret's name; but Brantôme, in his better moods, was not proof against

the influence of so much purity and gaiety of spirit. He says:

"She chose for her emblem the marigold, which by its rays and leaves has a seeming affinity with the sun, and turns wherever he goes. She added the device, 'I seek not things below,' as a sign that she directed all her actions, thoughts, desires, and affections to that great Sun which is God: and hence she was suspected of being attached to the Lutheran religion."

A naive and innocent confession, this last; but it scarcely gives the real measure of Margaret's enlightenment. Her keen spirit overpassed many of the limitations of her age, and found its true home, not with Luther or with Calvin, but with Dante and with Plato. The witty, secular side of Margaret's disposition is well known to many in that sunshiny book which she composed or compiled, *The Heptameron*; for her real self you must plumb the depths of her spiritual verse, and especially of that wonderful autobiographical poem, lately rescued from oblivion by M. Abel Lefranc, *Les Prisons de la Reine de Navarre*. Far inferior in interest is the *Miroir de l'Âme Pécheresse*, which fell into the hands of the child Elizabeth; but, unlike the *Prisons*, it was published in Margaret's lifetime, and had an eventful history. The Sorbonne condemned it as heretical, and it took the personal intervention of Francis to save it from the flames, while the students of the College of Navarre were inspired to act a comedy wherein the queen was represented as a Fury of Hell. The poem, says Beza,

"was composed in a strain very unusual in the Church of Rome, there being no mention made in it either of male or female saints, or of merits, or of any other purgatory than the blood of Jesus Christ."

Mr. Ames deserves great credit for the careful introduction which he has written for this volume, for the excellence of the facsimile, and for the charming portrait of Elizabeth as a girl which serves as frontispiece. It is taken from a picture in the collection at Windsor Castle, and is attributed in the official catalogue to Holbein. By Holbein, however, it cannot be, for that artist died in 1543, when Elizabeth was ten years of age, and the picture represents her at about thirteen or fourteen. It is certainly more attractive with its demure, gentle, serious expression than any of the later portraits.

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.

Gabriele von Bülow, Daughter of Wilhelm von Humboldt: a Memoir. Translated by Clara Nordlinger. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

THE memoir of Gabriele von Bülow, which has just been translated into English, is, unhappily, an example of the unsuccessful class of biography. It is extremely long; much of the matter which it contains is of a kind to interest none save the personal friends of its subject; the great majority of the letters which are reprinted in it, some of them dating back fifty, sixty, seventy years, deal with purely family matters which are totally devoid of significance at this distance of time, while those which touch

on public events are, for the most part, too slight and sketchy to have any historical value. Indeed, it does not seem as if the compiler of the memoir intended to rely on these for the interest of the book. The idea was rather to attempt to give to the world, by means of extracts from letters with just enough of explanatory matter to make a coherent story, a picture of a beautiful and amiable woman, whom the accidents of her position threw into contact with the Great World of her time. Such a memoir could only have been interesting in so far as it gave a series of clear and vivid pictures of that World and its inhabitants. The opportunity was there if Frau von Bülow and her husband had been the kind of people whose letters contained brilliant sketches of the various interesting people whom they met, but unhappily they were not.

During his career as Prussian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's from 1827 to 1841, Heinrich von Bülow was in a position to meet, and did meet, an enormous number of men and women of note. With his sovereign, Frederick William of Prussia, he was on terms of affectionate intimacy. During his career in London he came in contact with three English monarchs, George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria. With William IV. and Queen Adelaide, both as Duke and Duchess of Clarence and afterwards, he and his wife were evidently on exceptionally friendly terms. Of famous Englishmen, you meet in his book such names as the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, Lord and Lady Holland; but you do not find any illuminating sentence, any vital criticism, any vivid piece of description or analysis. You do not even find any anecdote or story worth remembering. In fact, the author does not seem to have intended that you should. Instead, you have a vast number of letters dealing with the ordinary incidents of family life, the births of children, the deaths of relatives, with servants, parties, visits. And even these are for the most part touched upon too cursorily to be of any value as documents. One looks in vain for the kind of detail, the completeness, which is the essential glory of Boswell. The memoir, in fact, should have been privately printed if it was desirable to print it at all: a remark which applies, indeed, to a number of the biographical volumes that appear every year. The public ought not to be called upon to buy works of this nature, which deal either with the lives of unimportant persons or are indiscreet and diffuse. Men and women, there is no doubt, enter too lightly upon the task of biography. On the other hand, if published purely for private circulation among friends and acquaintances, there is little to be said against a book which sins against every sound biographical law.

The weakness of the book before us is particularly unfortunate, because it stretches over a long period of history, and one full of exciting incidents and great events. Beginning with the marriage of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Gabriele's father, in 1791, it covers the period of the great events of the Napoleonic

Wars, while Gabriele herself, who lived from 1802 to 1887, must have had cognisance of all that was going on in Europe during a considerable portion of the present century. But any one who expects to find any new lights thrown upon this long period of history in this book will be greatly disappointed. Excepting the settlement of the Holland-Belgian question, after years of wrangling, in 1839, in which Bülow had a considerable share, no events of public importance receive more than a passing mention. In place of these we have extracts from letters dealing with household matters of furnishing and upholstery, snatches of travel to this place and that, a smattering of art and artists. Frau von Bülow, in fact, was not sufficiently a public character to make her historically interesting, while her qualities were too negative, too much like the ordinary run of ordinary good women in a certain position in society, to provide an engrossing psychological study. Occasionally you get in the letters a good piece of description. Here is one of Ischia:

"A divine stillness reigns over the island; only a few lights here and there betoken the presence of man; from afar comes the sound of the sea beating in rhythmic measure upon the crags below; high above the mountains stands the clear pale moon, shedding its silvery light upon the white houses, while Vesuvius opposite emits a steady column of flame."

But these are few and far between, and the book as a whole deals with matters which will not greatly interest the general reader.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

"COUNTY HISTORIES OF SCOTLAND."—*Moray and Nairn*. By Charles Rampini, LL.D. (Blackwood & Sons.)

SHERIFF RAMPINI tells a plain tale with no embellishments. His style is not always perfect, and sometimes the wilderness of detail becomes confused, but he has a fairly intelligible general plan, and he has the primary advantage of intimate acquaintance with his subject. Not only is he well read in the history of the place, but his knowledge of local customs and old tales is that of the loving enthusiast. Out of it all he has made an admirable book of reference, and a piece of history of some general interest.

Few countries in proportion to their size possess such a wealth of local literature as Scotland. Every village of Threepdale and parish of Kilmaclovers has its chronicler, and from the Statistical Accounts to this new series of county histories we have a wealth of records. Not the least interesting are those of the northern province of Moray, for the history of the county is the history of Scotland in little. A haunt of ancient wars, it was harried by Northmen under Sigurd, Earl of Orkney; and when alien settlers from the South filled the land, the Celts of the hills kept their swords from rusting. Then came the Church, and the cathedral of Elgin and the beautiful priory of Pluscarden rose among the wilds. But the days of battle were only beginning.

Comyns, Buchans, Dunbars, and Gordons fought their battles in its boundaries. "Morayland, quhair all men takis thair prey," wrote Lochiel, the chief of the Camerons; and, says Mr. Rampini, "it is the testimony of an expert." Few earldoms have such a roll of famous names as this, from Earl Randolph the first to the great Regent and the "Bonnie Earl of Moray," who was slain by Huntly on the Fife shore. It was the land of the Laird of Grant, "that Hieland sant," of the Duffs, Earls of Fife, and the wizard, Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, who sold his soul to the devil and played havoc with the countryside. Montrose conducted part of his campaign there, and Charles Edward made his last stand in its near neighbourhood. Even so late as 1820 the King's law "came little above the pass of Balmaha," for in an election contest the Grants sent round the fiery cross to summon their men, and the Fife faction came armed to meet them. A strange scene this for days so near to Cobdenism and Reform.

The place has another claim to distinction, for in the early part of the century it was swept by the most terrible flood of modern times. He who would read of the "Moray Floods" will find the tale in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's pages. But here is one story of Mr. Rampini's worth repeating:

"A man who had been saving the furniture of a poor neighbour fell over a bridge and was carried down by the stream, and then cast on the bank by the mere force of the torrent.

"What did you think of when you were in the water?" demanded a bystander.

"Think of?" replied the other. "I was thinking how I could get out and how I could catch my bonnet."

There, too, old customs and traditions seem to have long lingered. Here is a verse from the "Thiggars' Chant," which young men sang on Hogmanay night before their neighbours' houses:

"If ye ha'e plenty and winna gie,
Besouthen, Besouthen!
The Deil will get ye when ye dee,
An' awa' by Southron toun.
Our shoon are made o' th' red coo's hide,
Besouthen, Besouthen!
Our feet are cauld, we canna bide,
An' awa' by Southron toun."

There was a strange custom of stopping the clock and shutting up the cat whenever an inmate of a house died, apparently lest the animal should walk over the body. Lastly, Morayland had its Boeotia, a place called Mavistoun, where a certain fisherman, seeing a cow for the first time, with its horns and cloven hoofs, guessed that he stood before the Accuser of the Brethren, and fled incontinent through the thatch.

The book is a favourable specimen of its industrious and sober class. We recommend it to natives of the countryside, and to others who love a record of old feuds and follies.

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The Apocalypse of St. John. By John Gwynn, D.D., &c. (Longmans & Co.)

A work by the Regius Professor of Divinity at Dublin and noticeable as the first Syriac book issued by the University Press. It is

in form the reproduction of a unique Syriac MS. belonging to the Earl of Crawford, which, according to Dr. Gwynn, was written towards the end of the twelfth century in a Jacobite monastery of Kurdistan in the district now known as Jebul Tûr. He thinks the text on which it was founded is that made by Polycarp "the chorepiscopus" (choir-master?) for Philoxenus of Mabug in A.D. 508, and is therefore earlier in date than the revision of the same text by Thomas of Harkel which has hitherto been the only form of it known to us. The care with which the MS. has been worked over by the editor is apparent on every page, and neither pains nor expense have been spared in its reproduction. To the Syriac text, beautifully printed by the University Press, Dr. Gwynn has prefixed a dissertation on all the known Syriac versions of the New Testament, an exhaustive discussion on the present MS., and a complete reconstruction of the Greek text from which he supposes its original to have been made. The labour involved in this must have been as extraordinary as the accuracy and lucidity of the result, and the publication makes good Dr. Gwynn's claim to a place in the very first rank of Syriac scholars.

For the general reader the chief interest of the book will doubtless lie in the variations from the Revised Version which it presents. In some of these, as in the omission of the words, "And he opened the pit of the abyss," in Rev. ix. 2, the Crawford has the support of the Sinaitic, the Basilean, and of some other versions. In others it stands alone. Among these last it may be noticed that it is not "God" but "the Lamb" who is here said in vii. 17 to "wipe away every tear"; in xii. 10 the words, "and the authority of his Christ," are omitted from the angelic proclamation, as is the statement that "the harvest of the earth is over-ripe," in xiv. 15. So we find that the voice in x. 4 is said to come "from the seventh heaven," that the beast "which was and is not" (or in other words, Nero) is called the Dragon as well as the Beast, that in xix. 19 he is described as having armies of his own, and in xi. 7 as coming from the sea and not from the abyss, while in xvi. 3 the sea itself is said to become "as a dead man," a figure which reminds Dr. Gwynn of "the very deep did rot" of Coleridge. We wish we had more space to discuss these and other various readings. Some of them certainly make better sense than the Revised Version, and go a long way to support the theory that the Apocalypse was originally written, not in Greek, but in some Aramaean dialect.

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The Private Life of the Queen. By One of Her Majesty's Servants. (C. Arthur Pearson, Limited.)

VERILY, it is a fierce light that beats upon a throne. Here it lights up Her Majesty's smallest daily acts; it penetrates into every room of her palaces, into the kitchens, and the Gold-pantry, and the Silver-pantry, and the linen-rooms, and the china-cupboards, and into the cellars in which George IV., privileged to import wine duty free, laid down ports and sherries and Madeiras in such quantities that time has mellowed

what it could hardly deplete. No such complete picture of the Queen's daily life, her tastes, habits, pastimes, and "fads and fancies," has yet been given to a loyal reading public. *The Queen as Artist, Musician, Dancer, Writer, Hostess, House-keeper, and Worker* is portrayed in separate chapters of this interesting book.

We have an account of the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, and here is the Queen's taste in reading in a nutshell :

"Almost first in Her Majesty's favour come the works of Scott, those she likes most being *The Antiquary*, *The Talisman*, and *Peveril of the Peak*. Of his poems she is extremely fond, and she possesses a copy of them with his own emendations of them on the margin, while her love of Scotland has frequently been expressed by her to her friends in apt quotations from *The Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The Queen's admiration for Scott's work has induced her to have one room at Balmoral entirely decorated with scenes from his poems and books. Jane Austen's novels have also been very popular with the Queen. A few of Lord Beaconsfield's works are here, and a handsome copy of *Lothair*, in three volumes and bound in royal blue, contains the inscription: 'For the Queen, from a faithful servant'; Kingsley's *Saints' Tragedy* and *Two Years Ago*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, a complete set of Thackeray's works, some of the Brontës' and Edna Lyall's books, many of R. L. Stevenson's romances, Rudyard Kipling's stories, Edmund Yates' *Reminiscences*, and nearly all of Mrs. Oliphant's novels; Rider Haggard's *She* and *Jess*; Sponge's *Sporting Tour* and two full editions of Dickens' books . . . are all conspicuous on these characteristically filled shelves. The Queen also possesses and values greatly an original unpublished MS. of Charles Dickens."

The worth of a book like this depends upon its minute fidelity to fact. We are bound to say that these pages bear the stamp of matter-of-fact truth. They are evidently not from the pen of a trained writer. "A strong decorative note is struck by the organ" is a whimsical sentence, for in these days of mixed metaphors one has to look twice to see whether the note is one of sound or colour.

America and the Americans. From a French Point of View. (W. Heinemann.)

It would not be amiss if there were fewer books written about America and the Americans. One a year should be full allowance, and Mr. Steevens's *Land of the Dollar* ought to have made another impossible until 1898. Yet it did not, for here is a matter of three hundred pages offering up the Transatlantic people from a French point of view, in spite of the fact that M. Bourget's *Outre-mer* may be said already to have accomplished that pretty effectually. We should not mind so much if the anonymous author of the work before us had anything new to say, or a peculiarly attractive way of saying what is old; but he has not. He merely ticks off the well-known characteristics of the Eastern states one by one, pads his remarks with statistics, and that is all. M. Bourget's penetrative eyes and delicate sensorium, Max O'Rell's crisp generalities and witty audacities, Mr. Steevens's unemotional interest and cynical

amusement—these are all lacking. We have instead the exceedingly matter-of-fact record of the short visit to America of a stolid, conservative Frenchman, whose very conservatism makes him a poor judge of so progressive and young a nation. He offers, it is true, only his own impressions; but impressionists to win us must be very delightful persons. There is no doubt that the author of *America and the Americans* says many true things, but most of them, if not all, have been said before.

* * *

Billy and Hans. By W. J. Stillman. (Bliss, Sands & Co.)

MR. STILLMAN'S last book was, we believe, a dissertation on the nude in art. He is also, we are informed on the title-page of this little volume, the author of works on the Cretan insurrection of 1866 and the late uprising in Herzegovina. His public may therefore admit to being a little unprepared for *Billy and Hans*, which is the record of two tame squirrels. But no lover of animals who reads the book will be disappointed. Mr. Stillman writes about his pets with a depth of affection and appreciation not usually associated with squirrels, although in this case, we feel assured, not misplaced. He seems to have established closer relations with these timid creatures than we ever remember to have read of before; and no fear of looking ridiculous has deterred him from setting down in plain English his belief in their powers of sympathy and understanding and the grief their death caused him. It is this frank statement of emotions which, rarely felt by those who keep pets, and, when felt, almost never admitted, that gives Mr. Stillman's little book its peculiar value and stamps it as literature. We might add that the kernel of the volume appeared in the form of an article in the *Century*, and has been reprinted, with additions, for the benefit of a home for poor children requiring surgical treatment. We wish all good to this home, yet we would prefer that another book had been secured to swell its revenue, and Mr. Stillman's little history circulated free of charge by the R.S.P.C.A. It is a most eloquent and touching appeal for wide humanity to wild creatures.

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Historic Studies in Vaud, Berne, and Savoy, from Roman Times to Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon. By General Meredith Read. In 2 vols., with Illustrations. (Chatto & Windus.)

It was enthusiasm for the historian of the *Decline and Fall* that drew General Read to Lausanne, where Gibbon is either forgotten or vaguely apotheosised as a member of the British Royal Family; and there he spent eighteen laborious years in the investigation of a vast number of documents heaped up in one of the rooms of La Grotte, in the tireless search after local legends, and in examining any scrap of paper that he could persuade the families of the neighbourhood to place in his hands. The result is a couple of volumes of a surprising bigness, stuffed with the matter out of which history is made. The author's work

was cut short by death; otherwise it would not be easy to forgive the absence of chapter-headings and a table of contents, without which aids it is not easy to read intelligently a book of so miscellaneous a character. Still, such as it is, the work is a treasury of curious and diverse entertainment; it is not lightly to be enterprise for consecutive reading, but to be opened here and there with a confident hope of lighting on a plum.

* * *

Ferrets. By Nicholas Everitt. (A. & C. Black.)

We do not keep ferrets ourselves, and Mr. Everitt's book decides us never to begin. To own such a white ferret as that photographed on p. 58 of this book would, of course, be a distinction, but the care of it when resting and the recovery of it when working seem to promise more anxiety than the ordinary man ought to undertake. Yet for level-headed persons whose time hangs heavily upon their hands, ferrets should offer attractive occupation, and Mr. Everitt's book be invaluable. The author, we might remark, is known also as "H. R. E." and as "Will o' the Wisp," although we are unacquainted with him in these characters. In his own person, as Nicholas Everitt, he is able to write practical English, which, combined with his special knowledge, is his strength. When departing from unadorned facts, as he does in the appendix on a day's rabbitting, he is less admirable.

* * *

The Procession of the Flowers. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (Longmans & Co.)

THE essays by Col. Higginson, which are collected in this little volume, are well known in America, but have not hitherto been published here. They are pleasant, rambling dissertations on flowers and birds and the open air generally, which, to readers that do not know the work of Mr. John Burroughs (who has done the same thing much better), may be interesting. To our mind the author seems to fall between two stools: he has not observed enough or read enough for the naturalist, nor is he fanciful and engaging enough for the essayist.

* * *

A Bibliography of the Works of William Morris. By Temple Scott. (George Bell & Sons.)

THIS bibliography will be a great assistance to the professed student of the writings of William Morris and to many who have occasional reason to consult them. The number of entries is astonishing until one perceives the proportion of magazine articles, and letters to newspapers, to books. All are entered and classified under the headings: "Original Poems," "Romances," "Art," "Socialist Writings," &c. Even articles on the late Mr. Morris and his work are noticed. Mr. Scott has brought his catalogue well up to date, as we easily perceive in the fact that the article which we published a few months ago on "The End of the Kelmscott Press" is duly noticed. The book makes a very attractive little octavo, with its Chiswick Press type, its hand-made paper, and its blue canvas covers.

THE ACADEMY

FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

Father Hilarion. By K. Douglas King.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

I know few modern authors who can handle the greater passions with the dignity and power displayed in this book. Its note throughout is one of intensity, which becomes more and more tragic till the final scene, when the three lovers of Lorraine watch her deathbed, while the nuns chant in the distance. Father Hilarion—wrongly so called, for he is only gatekeeper at the Priory of the Sacred Heart—is himself a striking character. After an unhappy marriage and some years of riotous living, remorse drove him to a life of humiliation :

"The humility of his bearing was thought by some excessive; but with his gentleness they had no fault to find. Deep down in his heart smouldered perpetually the fires of unconquerable pride, bitterness and passion. No one guessed with what agonised efforts and infinite anguish he pursued his steadfast self-control.

No menial work was too hard for this servant of the Sacred Heart, who came to the community with hands white and delicate as a woman's. No den was too foul for him to enter; no sickness too loathsome to receive his ministering care.

Yet his whole being revolted in invincible abhorrence of squalor and disease. Sometimes, while tending some stricken wretch, a passion of hatred and disgust would arise and shake his very soul. The only outward sign he gave would be an increase of tenderness in his ministrations."

In the community it was said that Hilarion "was too lenient towards the fallen." His lenity, however, is not obtruded in the early chapters of the novel. He is appealed to by Lady Janet Charteris, his cousin, to extricate her son, Sir Jamie, from an affection into which he had fallen for the village schoolmistress, Lorraine Keppel. Hilarion, a patrician to his finger tips, dislikes the idea of the plebeian match as much as his cousin does, and throws himself into the conflict. His abstract objections to the girl grow into fierce resentment when he meets her accidentally, and, in the heat of a moment, he offers her an outrageous insult. Here follows a fine study in psychology. Hilarion's dislike grows more and more intense. But, one night, he rescues the girl from the importunities of an unwelcome suitor.

"Hilarion's passioned hatred of this girl had burned so long and steadily that it had become now a living, vital force that dominated his whole person. It was like a great all-embracing presence of fire in whose enfolding he was a prisoner, bound hand and foot, and unable to move or to resist; and with every movement he felt its hold upon him stronger, and he, himself, more powerless to break away from it. But he still called it 'hate,' and with a pang of intolerable humiliation he wondered why the sight of Lorraine, standing trembling, and with averted eyes and pale cheeks, should fill him with such yearning pity on her behalf.

She raised her eyes when he took her hand, and he saw in them a strange new fear and hesitation. He felt her hand tremble as his own clasped over it, and a deep crimson flushed his cheek and brow, leaving them the next moment a deathly white.

A sudden light flooded his mind's obscurity and brought him face to face at last with the unimaginable truth. Realisation, like an arrow to its goal, went straight home to his soul. The poignant terror of that moment was like the terror of hell."

By this time, however, Lorraine had become engaged to Sir Jamie; and presently Hilarion's wife reappears. The tragic situation is developed with a fine sense of effect, and Miss King is artist enough not to spoil her admirable story by an impossible conclusion. The style of the book is distinguished by a curious strenuousness. There are episodes which for brutal realism remind one, not a little, of "Mean Streets." Take this story of the East End :

"She stayed where he had left her, staring straight before her, as though dazed and stupefied, until another fit of coughing overcame her.

She put her hand to her lips, and when she drew it away the fingers were streaming with blood. But she did not look at them. She stared steadily before her into the darkness of the landing.

Another door opened, and a man thrust out a matted head and a pale disordered face, out of which gleamed two wild burning eyes. He was an opium-eater, and he was trying with the drug to kill his body and soul as speedily as possible. But he was terribly poor, and though he stole all he could lay hands upon in order to turn it into money with which to purchase his poison, the work of his destruction was a lengthy process.

'Go and die—in your den!' he exclaimed hoarsely, with an indescribable epithet. His voice was less human than a wolfish snarl.

She paid no heed to him. She did not seem to have heard him. The next minute she began again to cough more violently than before.

He shook his fist at her. Suddenly the woman's body swayed forward, until she was nearly bent double, and with a loud choking noise blood spurted out from her strained convulsive throat.

He sent a savage inarticulate cry down the stairs, and quickly drew back his head again into the room, and slammed the door behind him.

Wild, wolfish cries were common to that house and that street, so no one paid any attention to the opium-eater's call. The woman fell prone upon the landing . . .

It seemed to her as though she lay there a long, long while, although the time could be counted by minutes. She was quite conscious. She remembered suddenly that she was twenty-six years old, and the curious thought came to her that sixteen years ago she had been called 'Polly,' and had with a haypole made hay in the fields around her country home, and had worn a little short pink frock, a straw hat trimmed with a blue ribbon and a white pinafore.

A sudden agonising pain through her body forced some burning tears out of her eyes. They trickled down her face and mingled with her life's blood. The opium-eater's door opened a chink, and he peered furtively out.

Having satisfied himself she was alone, he crept across the landing and into her room opposite, stepping gingerly over her prostrate body to do so.

He guessed she was dying, and he meant to take something of hers which he could sell or pawn for opium, before her things were confiscated by the other people in the house. One glance around showed him that her room was empty and bare of the smallest thing that he could coin into money.

With a snarl he groped his way out again, and stepping back over her, he gave her a kick in his resentment and disappointment.

He had been a tender-hearted, honourable man until opium had sapped his very soul's vitality. . . .

No one came to her. When an hour or two later came Hilarion, accompanied by two nursing sisters, she was still lying there where she had died with his own prayer to her upon her lips:

'Pray for me, Hilarion!'

* * * * *

Equality. By Edward Bellamy.
(William Heinemann.)

Men have been "looking backward" a great deal lately, but the last sixty years of actuality have seemed enough for their contemplation and thankfulness. Now comes Mr. Bellamy, leading in Julian West again, and Dr. Leete and Edith, with the year 2000 written all over them. This is not nearly such a good book as *Looking Backward*. It is, to begin with, a sequel, and a sequel is usually like a squire toilfully following his knight, bearing his arms and some of his baggage. That is what this book is to *Looking Backward*. Mr. Bellamy has had afterthoughts. He has projected himself yet more thoroughly into the world in which Julian West awoke after his long hypnotic sleep, and he has found a great deal more to tell and explain, but chiefly to explain. The city life of 2000 A.D. is not greatly developed before our eyes in these pages. That bright Utopia is not pictured to us much more clearly. Instead, West and Edith and Leete talk interminably about the way the revolution was effected. Here we are really looking

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FOR HOLIDAY READING.

backward: in *Looking Backward* we were mostly looking round. There we were shown things, here we only listen. We are afraid that many readers will tire of listening to serious conversations filling 350 pages. It is significant that Mr. Bellamy could flash his vision of a happier world upon us in half as many. Still, there are passages of description and detail that help us to skip long talks on the "Economic Suicide of the Profit System," or "How Inequality of Wealth Destroys Liberty," or "Why the Revolution did not Come Earlier"—talks which are not talks at all, but articles cut into lengths. Here is one of the oases: Julian has noticed the delicate tints and texture of Edith's clothing, and she has explained that she is, so to speak, in paper covers.

"Talking of paper," said Edith, extending a very trim foot by way of attracting attention to its gear, "what do you think of our modern shoes?"

"Do you mean that they also are made of paper?" I exclaimed.

"Of course."

"I noticed the shoes your father gave me were very light as compared with anything I had ever worn before. Really that is a great idea, for lightness in footwear is the first necessity. Scamp shoemakers used to put paper soles in shoes in my day. It is evident that instead of prosecuting them for rascals we should have revered them as unconscious prophets. But, for that matter, how do you prepare soles of paper that will last?"

"There are plenty of solutions which will make paper as hard as iron."
"And do not these shoes leak in winter?"

"We have different kinds for different weathers. All are seamless, and the wet weather sort are coated outside with a lacquer impervious to moisture."

"That means, I suppose, that rubbers, too, as articles of wear have been sent to the museum?"

"We use rubber, but not for wear. Our waterproof paper is much lighter and better every way."

"After all this it is easy to believe that your hats and caps are also paper-made."

"And so they are to a great extent," said Edith; "the heavy headgear that made your men bald yours would not endure. We want as little as possible on our heads, and that as light as may be."

"Go on!" I exclaimed. "I suppose I am next to be told that the delicious but mysterious articles of food which come by the pneumatic carrier from the restaurant or are served there are likewise made out of paper. Proceed—I am prepared to believe it!"

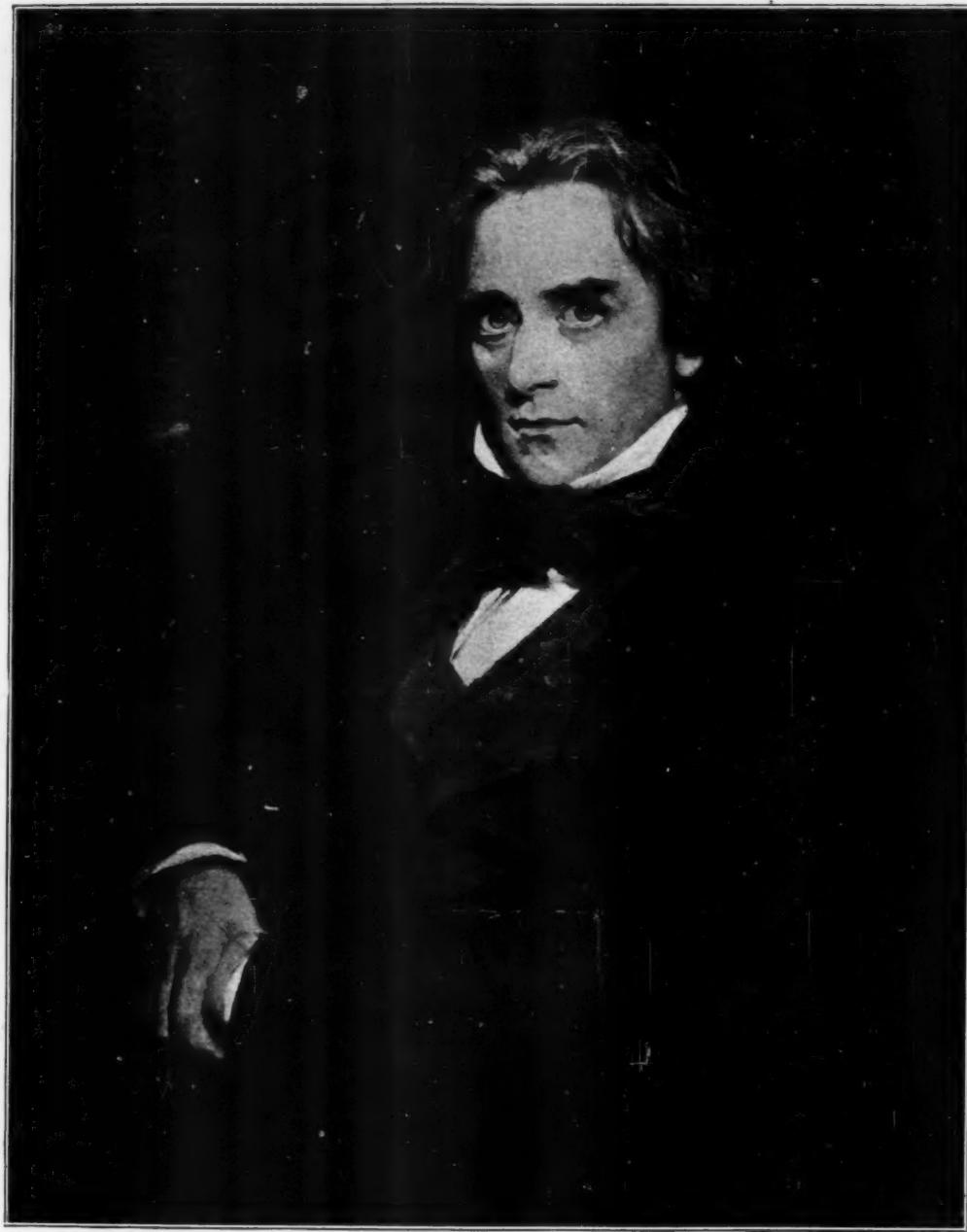
"Not quite so bad as that," laughed my companion, "but really the next thing to it, for the dishes you eat them from are made of paper. The crash of crockery and glass, which seems to have been a sort of running accompaniment to housekeeping in your day, is no more heard in the land. Our dishes and kettles for eating or cooking, when they need cleaning, are thrown away, or rather, as in the case of all these rejected materials I have spoken of, sent back to the factories to be reduced again to pulp and made over into other forms."

"But you certainly do not use paper kettles? Fire will still burn, I fancy, although you seem to have changed most of the other rules we went by."

"Fire will still burn, indeed, but the electrical heat has been adopted for cooking as well as for all other purposes. We no longer heat our vessels from without but from within, and the consequence is that we do our cooking in paper vessels on wooden stoves."

But Edith's beautiful paper clothes are a bit of a fraud. Edith and her mother have been wearing nineteenth century skirts for Julian's benefit, and one day Edith confesses that they have done it merely to avoid shocking him on his awaking from his great trance. Julian has, indeed, been struck by the fact that all other women around him go skirtless. After her confession Edith runs into the house and reappears in the skirtless costume of 2000. Surely it was unnecessary for Mr. Bellamy to call this chapter "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense."

In 2000 A.D. fashions have ceased, or have come under the domain of reason and common sense. Jewellery has clean disappeared, but it is appalling to find Dr. Leete launching out on the reasons for this, which, it appears, "go rather deeply into the direct and indirect consequences of our present economic system." Decidedly Mr. Bellamy has put a strain on his story greater than it can bear. The names of Julian and Dr. Leete and Edith are here; but they only flash behind thickets of arguments; they do not make a tale. The jam is spread too thin on bread that, to say the truth, is often very dry; and this absence of drama and succulence does not make you any readier to accept, as a nineteenth century reader, the eternal condescension and lecturing which every character in this book metes out to your own age. You are inclined to detest Julian for his meekness and his



DOUGLAS JERROLD

From the Picture by Sir Daniel Macnee in the National Portrait Gallery



readiness to be converted to every new idea after ten minutes' talk. And there are things which you positively resent. One day even Julian, tired of novelty, asks Edith to show him something that has *not* changed; and she shows him a building unlike anything else in the city. The explanation is simple.

"I found myself," says Julian, "face to face with a typical nineteenth century tenement house of the worst sort—one of the rookeries, in fact, that used to abound in the North End and other parts of the city. The environment was indeed in strong enough contrast with that of such buildings in my time, shut in as they generally were by a labyrinth of noisome alleys, and dark damp courtyards, which were reeking reservoirs of fetid odours, kept in by lofty, light-excluding walls. . . ." These words I read, above the central doorway: "This habitation of cruelty is preserved as a memento to coming generations of the rule of the rich."

"This is one of the ghost buildings," said Edith, "kept to scare the people with, so that they may never risk anything that looks like bringing back the old order of things by allowing any one on any plea to obtain an economic advantage over another. I think they had much better be torn down, for there is no more danger of the world's going back to the old order than there is of the globe reversing its rotation."

A band of children, accompanied by a young woman, came across the square as we stood before the building, and filed into the doorway and up the black and narrow stairway. The faces of the little ones were very serious, and they spoke in whispers.

"They are school children," said Edith. "We are all taken through this building, or some other like it, when we are in the schools, and the teacher explains what manner of things used to be done and endured there."

This is not a good touch. A generation that shall need to discipline its children thus in the year 2000 will not, we think, by any means have achieved the happiness which Mr. Bellamy puts so lavishly to its credit.

* * * * *

A Peakland Fagot. By R. Murray Gilchrist.
(Grant Richards.)

Of the eighteen sketches which make up this little volume quite a dozen are good and were worth reprinting; the other six might have been omitted to the advantage of the remainder. They are all interesting, but the similarity of endings makes the general effect monotonous. After reading the first I amused myself by forecasting the conclusion of each story when I had reached the second page, and I was always right. However, having said so much, I have nothing left but praise. These glimpses of a simple people are true and vivid. My knowledge of the Peak-country is of the smallest; but Mr. Gilchrist's stories give just that prick to memory which is so pleasant and profitable. The humour is unforced and happy, and there are passages of genuine pathos. In the first story, "A Strolling Player," we have a poor farmer who is driving across the moors at nightfall, on a frosty road, with the coffin for his dead daughter—a daughter who had wandered away and returned with her child to die. He meets a weary and dishevelled actress who is toiling to the nearest town on the chance of an engagement. He gives her a lift, and she keeps the coffin from being scratched by the joltings of the cart. The player, of course, finally remains with the old people. But first she is taken by the wife to see the dead girl.

"Johanna peered into Violetty's hollow eyes before drawing down the counterpane and showing her the baby lying in its embroidered gown, like a doll, with its head resting between the mother's left breast and arm.

Violetty's face worked; she turned aside.

"Esha hoo a pretty yen?" Johanna said. "Twenty-one year, but et's just as ef hoo were ten or 'leven, and hoo'd gone to sleep wi' her moppet."

The history of "Lady Golightly," a curate's dancing monkey which scandalised the parish on the occasion of a fancy fair, is very funny. Lady Golightly steps upon the stage:

"By jowks, but hoo took on! They clapped an' clapped till et seemed as ef th' ramshackle pasteboard haases'ed all tum'le daan. When et were a bit quieter, hoo lifted her paader-box an' did her face over, an' fanned hersen, an' stood a-caantin th' music notes, so as to know when to step in.

"Then et looked as ef hoo'd forgot th' daunce, for hoo scrttad her yead an' pondered. An' i' another moment hoo ups wi' her petticoat an' began a jig, the like o' which had ne'er been seen i' th' Peak afore. I

wunna tell yo' has hoo carried on, but I heerd after as et were a *can-can*, such as they perform i' Fraunce!"

"Parson's wife hoo screeted an' went off i' a sway, an' all th' gentry i' front got up an' went aat, but th' common sort i' th' sixpenny seats fairly bent double wi' laughin'. Th' best o' et were as th' curate 'peared so put aat as he hedna nerve to stop her."

One word as to the binding of the volume. It is most unpleasant to handle, the heavy brown of the lower part of the cover being as sticky and irritating as new paint. I would earnestly ask Mr. Grant Richards to clothe his "Sylvan Series" in a less objectionable dress.

* * * * *

Mallerton. By A. B. Louis.
(Bliss, Sands, & Co.)

Mallerton is distinctly a tantalising novel. I have read it through twice in search of its *raison d'être*, and have thereby, I feel sure, placed myself in an unique position among the readers of books. But at the end of the second perusal I had to acknowledge myself baffled. If *Mallerton* has any reason for existence at all it must be hidden far away in the dark recesses of its author's brain, which it is not given to the reviewer to fathom.

Mallerton is a town situate in an indefinite region and inhabited by very indefinite people. Mrs. or Miss A. B. Louis has endeavoured to portray the commonplace life of a commonplace town, and as a picture of every-day vulgarity, I have only one fault to find with it—it is not interesting. Take, for instance, the following bit of conversation culled at random from the book:

"When they reached Mrs. Estcourt's rooms they found her ready, and waiting with some impatience. 'My dear girls, what a time you have been dressing!' she exclaimed, 'at least Judith has, for Isabel was dressed already. What have you been about?'

"I found George there, Auntie, and we got talking, and it was not Judith's fault. We were to start at half-past one o'clock, and it has not struck the half-hour yet."

"I hear it at this moment," said Mrs. Estcourt, "and unless we start at once we shall be too late. I don't see now how we can get back in time for lunch."

Now all this is mere waste of good paper and ink, it explains nothing and leads nowhere; it is utterly irrelevant and useless. Of course it is phonographically accurate enough, but then the phonograph is not a literary machine.

With the possible exception of M. Lacroix, a noisy but well-meaning Frenchman, the characters are but very dimly realised. The tragedy, which is, I suppose, the *pièce de résistance* of the novel, is managed in a very primitive way, and it passes understanding to know why the Salvation Army is dragged in to solve a mystery which needs no solution.

* * * * *

The Gift of Life. By James Cassidy.
(Chapman & Hall.)

This book may have been suggested by a paragraph which appeared in the papers some months ago about an American doctor who had discovered what he called the "microbe of death." The Herr Schneider of Mr. Cassidy's imagination had invented a "Lymph of Life," and the book is a study of the effects of his elixir on patients of various sorts and conditions. Naturally, the world at large was much agitated by the news:

"The life assurance companies proclaimed their disinterestedness by setting forth the hardships such a discovery must mean to would-be widows. Multitudes of poor relations sent in a petition to Parliament, requesting that under the new order of things estates and property generally might be redistributed every twenty-five years.

"The School of Advanced Thought sent forth a circular absolving the young from honour to parents, contending that inasmuch as 'length of days' was now independent of that practice it was superfluous.

"The geologists alone appeared charmed with the discovery, because they realised that whole millenniums were before them for observational work; but in spite of their satisfaction as a class, they decided at a monster meeting, held in the Goldsmiths' Hall, that there were certain drawbacks to the discovery, as its application might lead to a failure in the supply of fossils.

"The Pope in Council decreed that wax candles should henceforth be burned at a birth instead of a death. The Worshipful Company of

Wax Candle Makers gave in their allegiance in a body, presenting his Holiness with several tons for use in the Vatican."

Unfortunately, Herr Schneider omits to inoculate himself, and in the end commits suicide. The excellent aim of the author is to enforce the old lesson that death is a blessing and not a curse. He drives it home in one of the closing chapters in a somewhat prosy sermon by "the Bishop of St. Adam's." *The Gift of Life* is a curiously unequal book.

* * * *

Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green. By Jerome K. Jerome.
(Longmans & Co.)

Mr. Jerome made his reputation as a practitioner of that humour which set out to be up-to-date, and only succeeded in being middle-class, and the ghost of *Three Men in a Boat* lies in wait to handicap him even in his most serious moods. For his set grin I have no grin in response: his farcical types—"The Man who would Manage," "The Absent-Minded Man," "The Man who went Wrong," and the like—awake but the faintest echo of a cachinnation. On the stage, in a thoroughly artificial atmosphere, they might be amusing, but surely not in the broad daylight of print.

"It has been told me by those in a position to know—and I can believe it—that at nineteen months of age he wept because his grandmother would not allow him to feed her with a spoon; and that at three and a half he was fished, in an exhausted condition, out of the water-butt, whither he had climbed for the purpose of teaching a frog to swim.

Two years later he permanently injured his left eye, showing the cat how to carry kittens without hurting them; and about the same period was dangerously stung by a bee while conveying it from a flower where, as it seemed to him, it was only wasting its time, to one more rich in honey-making properties.

His desire was always to help others. He would spend whole mornings explaining to elderly hens how to hatch eggs, and would give up an afternoon's blackberrying to sit at home and crack nuts for his pet squirrel. Before he was seven he would argue with his mother upon the management of children, and reprove his father for the way he was bringing him up."

Mr. Jerome, like a Theophrastus of the comic press, pursues his hero remorselessly through his whole career.

"So far as intention went he was the kindest man alive. He never visited poor sick persons without taking with him in his pocket some little delicacy calculated to disagree with them and make them worse. He arranged yachting excursions for bad sailors, entirely at his own expense, and seemed to regard their subsequent agonies as ingratitude."

It is a damnable iteration. The worst of it is that Mr. Jerome knows very well how to write, and, when he chooses to lay aside the cap and bells, can give one a very good story. "Dick Dunkerman's Cat" contains an excellent touch of *diablerie*, as well as a distinct human interest.

* * * *

Cousin Jem. A Sepia Sketch. By L. Higgin.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

What the author means by calling this book a "Sepia Sketch" I have not the faintest notion. But it will not deter one reviewer, at any rate, from remarking that "Cousin Jem" is a very poor story, as uninteresting as it is colourless. There is evidence in it that the author might do better with a fuller palette. But it is only the rankest amateur who imagines that he can sketch before he can paint. Mr. or Miss Higgin must work harder at fiction before he or she should have the audacity to attempt what a master like Mr. Thomas Hardy has only tried, in his "Well-Loved," in the autumn of a long and brilliant career. The author has added to the impertinence of the sub-title by quoting as the motto to the story, "There is [sic] no art to find the mind's construction in the face." But the plain intention to depict in Miss Beryl Fane a sort of understudy to a certain Miss Becky Sharp is not to be reinforced by a misquotation from Macbeth. This is one of the novels which are a puzzle to both readers and critics. The wonder is how they ever get published.

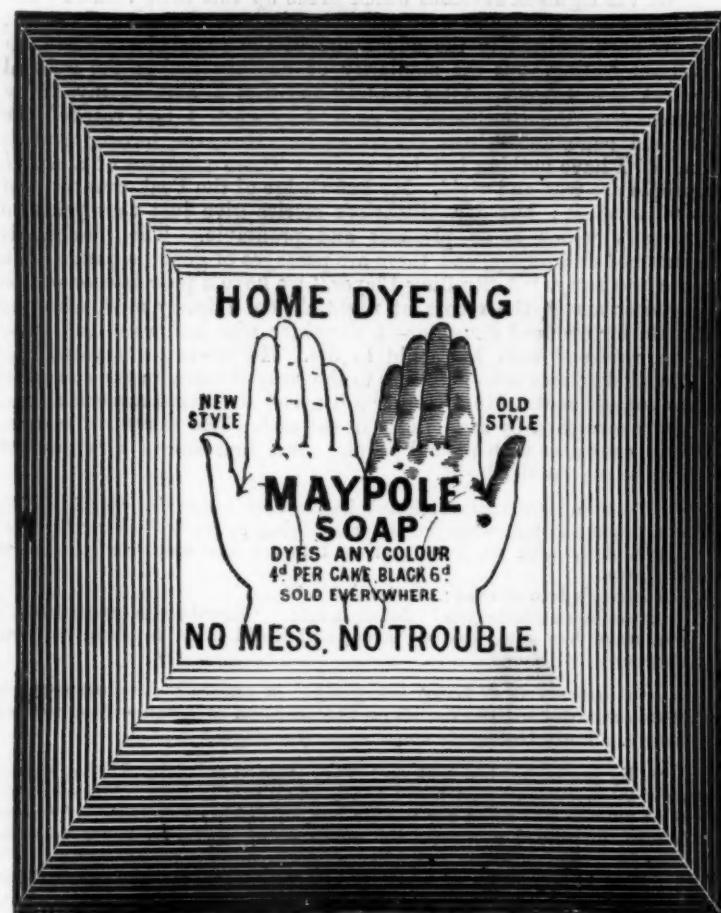
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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.]

NEW books still hang fire. The volumes on our table are chiefly new editions, and new volumes of works already undertaken. But two works of interest call for notice. The first is Sir Harry H. Johnston's *British Central Africa*. This work is "an attempt to give some account of a portion of the territories under British influence north of the Zambesi." Even at a first glance the book astonishes by its thoroughness. It is fitted with Maps, Tables, Appendices, and Photographs. British Central Africa centres round Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa, and the book deals mainly with this area. Sir Harry Johnston writes:

"Although for seven years I have been connected with these countries, and have been gathering notes all that time, it is not to be supposed for a moment that the results of my work which I now publish deal more than partially with the many aspects and problems of this small section of Central Africa. The careful reader will be conscious of gaps in my knowledge; but I think he will not find his time wasted by vague generalisations. Such information as I have to give is definite and practical."

The book is well-turned out by Messrs. Methuen, the covers being tropical in their blaze of yellow.

Gunpowder Plot is not in such danger of being forgotten as the popular ditty would suggest. Its celebration by squib and rocket may have declined in many districts; but here is Prof. Gardiner with a book on it. Prof. Gardiner would not have written his book if Father John Gerard had not written one first. It will be remembered

that in his *What was the Gunpowder Plot?* Father Gerard recently sought to prove that no reliance can be placed on the generally accepted story of the Plot, and that whatever was plotted was well known to the Government, and that the Government falsified the story to the grave prejudice of Roman Catholics. Prof. Gardiner refuses to accept these conclusions, and replies to them in a book of 200 octavo pages. The work gains in interest by the fact that Prof. Gardiner does not despise his opponent. On the contrary, he admits that Father Gerard "gives us hard nuts to crack," and that his conclusions "at least call for patient inquiry."

Mr. H. D. Traill is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of the great work on Social England, which he has been editing for so long. The final volume, which is before us, extends from 1815 to 1885. A noteworthy feature of this monumental work is the generous lists of authorities which Mr. Traill gives the reader. The work is not only a host in itself, but it is a great collection of clues to knowledge.

"Doom to Dziggetai" is the scope of the latest issued part of Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*. We know something about doom; but what is a dziggetai? It sounds to us like a weapon, a lance for preference, hurled from a savage hand. But it is not that. A dziggetai is a kind of mule that "lives in troops, in the sandy deserts of Central Asia." We hope to air this information at an early opportunity. Mr. Murray is quite reasonably proud of his great work, and his satisfaction finds vent in the following table, in which the New Dictionary is compared with some of its predecessors:

	Johnson.	Cassell's Encyclopaedia.	"Century" Diet.	Funk's "Standard."	The New Eng- lish Dictionary
Words recorded Doom to Dz	448	2335	2302	2477	4535
Words illustrated by quotations	384	1021	946	267	3312
Number of illustrative quotations	1421	2050	2688	388	17,460

Our readers are doubtless aware that many of the illustrative quotations in the *New English Dictionary* are of very recent extraction. A glance at these pages shows quotations from the books of Rolf Boldrewood, Mr. Seaton Merriman, and many others.

The "Famous Scots Series" makes strong headway. This week we review *Norman Macleod*, and we are now in receipt of *Sir Walter Scott*, which Prof. George Saintsbury has written.

A book that looks useful is *A Key to English Antiquities*, by Ella S. Armitage.

Guide-books multiply. Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. send us shilling guides to North Wales and to the favourite Derbyshire resorts. Each is profusely illustrated with maps and photographs, and how they can be sold at the price we scarcely understand.

NEW EDITIONS.

Dombey & Son, in two volumes, is added to Messrs. Chapman & Hall's "Gadshill Dickens." In a facile introduction Mr. Andrew Lang relates the circumstances under which Dickens wrote the story at Lausanne. This novel cost him more than usual effort, but it was also more than usually successful; the sales of the first part exceeded *Chuzzlewit* by 12,000.

"Among the characters," says Mr. Lang, "Mr. Toots is probably the greatest favourite. Mr. Toots, 'perfectly sore with loving her,' puts with direct and simple force a very usual sensation, seldom as directly expressed. Mr. Toots's flashes of style may hardly be in character, but how good they are! He proposes to Florence, repents, and describes his conduct as 'more like a paricide than a person of property.' 'Chicken, your expressions are coarse, and your meaning is obscure.' He could scarcely have said that, but we are delighted that he did."

Mr. Lang reckons *Dombey* in the second rank of Dickens's works, but

"few English people can sleep at the excellent Hôtel de la Cloche, at Dijon, without blending their memories of Burgundian greatness with those of Edith and the disappointment of Mr. Carker."

The fourth volume is published in Mr. Nimmo's new edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Lives of the Saints*. No saints of the very first importance fall within this volume, which, however, contains the Lives of St. Leo the Great and St. Anselm.

The interest excited in the writings of Colonel John Hay by his recent appointment in London has led Mr. John Lane to issue a charming new edition of *Castilian Days*. Colonel Hay went to Madrid in 1869 as Secretary of Legation, and this book was a record of his impressions of Spain at that period. We observe that Mr. Lane promises an edition of Colonel Hay's poems, uniform with this volume.

The "Temple Classics" are always with us, and they do not pall. With the third, and final, volume of Carlyle's *French Revolution* comes the first volume of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This work, like the *Montaigne*, will run to six volumes.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Taqisara* arrives in a new one-volume edition.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

THE OXFORD DEBATE ON THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. George Bell & Sons.
EPOCHES OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: THE ECUMENICAL COUNCILS. By William P. du Rose, S.T.D. Second edition. T. & T. Clark. 6s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

SOCIAL ENGLAND. Vol. VI. Edited by H. D. Traill. Cassell & Co. 18s.
VICTORIA THE GOOD, QUEEN AND EMPRESS. Anon. Gardner, Darton & Co.
HISTORY OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD. By Douglas Maclean. Oxford Historical Society.
THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New edition. Vol. IV. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. John C. Nimmo. 5s.
THE TEMPLE CLASSICS: THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. Boswell's LIFE OF JOHNSON. Vol. J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. 6d. each.

FAIRIES SCOTT'S SERIES: SIR WALTER SCOTT. By George Saintsbury. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 1s. 6d.
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Vol. LI. Edited by Sidney Lee. Smith, Elder & Co. 15s.
WHAT GUNPOWDER PLOT WAS. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co.
THE ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS, AND ORNAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Sir John Evans. Second edition. Longmans, Green & Co. 28s.

POETRY, BELLES LETTRES, ETC.

VICTORIA: REGINA ET IMPERATRIX, AND OTHER POEMS. By George Wyatville. Cornish Bros. (Birmingham).
THE ATTITUDE OF THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS TOWARD NATURE. By H. Rushton Fairclough. Rowsell & Hutchinson. (Toronto.)

FICTION.

THE QUEST OF THE GILT-EDGED GIRL. By Richard de Lint. John Lane. 1s.
THE STORY OF MOLLIE. By Marian Bower. Wm. Andrews & Co.
THE QUIRKE FOLK OF LIFE: TALES FROM THE KINGDOM. By David Pryde, M.A. Morison Bros. (Glasgow).
ETHICS OF THE SURFACE SERIES: THE RUDENESS OF THE HONOURABLE MR. LEATHERHEAD (new edition), and A HOMBURG STORY. Both by Gordon Seymour. Grant Richards. 2s. each.
CAMERA LUCIDA. By Bertha Thaves. Sampson Low & Co.
A MAN'S UNDOING. By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. F. V. White & Co.
THE STEPMOTHER. By Gregory Xenopoulos. John Lane.
CROOKED PATHS. By Francis Allingham. Longmans & Co.
DONBURY & SON. New edition. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 12s.
TAQUINADA. By F. Marion Crawford. New edition. Macmillan & Co. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, ETC.

BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA. By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. Methuen & Co. 30s.
BRITISH NEW GUINEA'S COUNTRY AND PEOPLE. By Sir William Macgregor, K.C.M.G. John Murray. 4s.
GUIDE TO NORTH WALES. Pictorial and Descriptive. GUIDE TO MATLOCK, DERBY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. Ward, Lock & Co. 1s. each.
WAR AND A WHEEL: THE GRAMCO-TURKISH WAR AS SEEN FROM A BICYCLE. By Wilfrid Pollock. Chatto & Windus.
WITH THE TURKISH ARMY IN THERSSALY. By Clive Bingham. Macmillan & Co. 6s. 6d.
CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. New edition. John Lane. 4s. 6d.
CHAMONIX AND THE RANGE OF MONT BLANC: A GUIDE. By Edward Whymper. Second edition. John Murray. 3s.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE LETTERS OF CICERO TO ATTICUS. Book I. Edited by Alfred Pretor, M.A. George Bell & Sons.
ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM FOR BEGINNERS. Macmillan & Co.
ANCIENT CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS (Cheap re-issue): CICERO. By Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A. Sonnino. By Clifton W. Collins, M.A. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1s. each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WORDS OF COUNSEL. Compiled by J. B. Pearson, D.D. Elliot Stock.
THE SPAS OF WALES. By T. R. Roberts. John Hogg. 1s.
GOLD AND SILVER: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON BI-METALLISM. By James Henry Hallard. Rivington, Percival & Co. 2s. 6d.
SPECCH OF JOHN HAY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE BUST OF SIR WALTER SCOTT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MARCH 21, 1897. John Lane. 1s.
NATIONAL DEFENCES. By Major-General Maurice, C.B. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
THE JATAKA: OR, STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS. Vol. III. Translated from the Pali by Various Hands. Edited by Prof. E. B. Cowell. Cambridge University Press.
THE VICTORIAN ERA IN SOUTH AFRICA. By H. A. Bryden. The African Critic Office.
POY-POURRI FROM A SURREY GARDEN. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.
A KEY TO ENGLISH ANTIQUITIES, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SHEFFIELD AND ROTHERHAM DISTRICT. By Ella S. Armitage. William Townsend (Sheffield). 7s.
THE VICTORIA PAINTING BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Cassell & Co. 1s.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MARK TWAIN, it seems, has refused, on behalf of himself and his family, to accept any monetary help: a fulfilment of the prediction of an American journalist that the *New York Herald's* fund would make the humorist "tired." Mark Twain, we have no doubt, has done the right thing; although, as a writer in the *Morning Post* points out, the proceeds of the author's books may well be held by his admirers not fully to recompense him, especially if the case of actors and musicians who gladly accept benefits be taken as analogous.

MEANWHILE Mark Twain has left London on a visit to the Continent.

THE scheme of the Women's Jubilee Dinner on July 14, which is to be followed by a reception in the Grafton Galleries, has now crystallised. Every branch of woman's work is to be represented fairly, which is the amended form of the original "distinguished women" idea. "The committee," we are told, "deprecates all suspicion of anything beyond the mere representation of these various branches"; it considers the representative women idea as "grotesque, for once you begin classification you must work scientifically, and that is impossible." The entertainment has no ulterior meaning. "It is no manifesto of woman's rights, except the right to prove her appreciation of the work men have done, to return their hospitalities in kind, and to show her loyalty to the Queen." Any woman who belongs to any profession can, at the recommendation of any member of the committee, join as a hostess. This gives her the right to take a male guest.

On the death of Prof. Wallace last February, his MSS. were handed over to the care of the Master of Balliol and Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, his great friends. As a result of their examination of the papers, there is every cause to believe that no publication will be made, as these remains consist mainly of scattered notes. The output of these three friends has not been large, measured in quantity, and one is constantly hoping for further volumes from Dr. Caird, whose work at Balliol prevents him from completing for book form his sets of lectures. This only increases our regret at the fact that one valuable book which Prof. Wallace had thought out, and was mentally preparing for its final state, should now be lost to the world, since no written record survives beyond a few hints. Dealing with the English poets of the early part of this century, it is very probable that the book would have proved the most popular of the Professor's works, if such studies may ever be described as "popular."

MRS. MEYNELL has accepted the presidency of the Society of Women Journalists for the ensuing year. Her predecessors in this office include Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Henniker; and the Duchess of Sutherland

we understand, has promised to occupy the post next year. Among the lectures, which are a feature of the society's programme, one is likely to be delivered this winter by a distinguished poet who has never before appeared upon a platform.

THE Civil List pensions distributed during the year just closed include, as usual, several that have literary association, and, it is cheering to notice, none corresponding to the grant to Mr. Brooks. Mr. Balfour seems to have exercised sound judgment.

THE American *Bookman* has a sprightliness to which its English representative cannot attain. In the current number the correspondence page contains the following question from a Brooklyn gentleman: "I note in your columns adequate mention of most of the new writers, English and American, but I have seen nothing as yet about Mr. Silas K. Hocking. What do you think of Mr. Hocking?" The answer of the *Bookman* is cruel but amusing: "Mr. Silas K. Hocking," it says, "is not provocative of thought."

IN the same number is the following outspoken criticism, which, of course, goes too far, but is refreshing after the monotony of the average literary news-sheet:

"We should like to ask why *Cosmopolis*, which professes to be an international magazine in the widest sense of the word, has never yet published a line by an American writer, and does not mention the name of any such in its announcements for the future? It should get a new title more truly descriptive of its editorial attitude. How would *The Parish* do?"

THE success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* on the stage has led to the dramatisation of *Phroso*, which Mr. Rose, the adapter of the earlier romance, is undertaking in collaboration with Mr. H. V. Esmond.

MR. H. G. WELLS prides himself that while some of his fantastic creations may appear improbable none of them are impossible. He should therefore be glad to know that in two of the short stories in his latest book he anticipated actual events in almost every particular. One of the stories—*In the Abyss*—relates the experiences of a naval officer who designed a hollow steel ball, which would take him to the bottom of the sea, and in which he could live for a few hours, before returning to the surface. By a remarkable coincidence, a submarine balloon of precisely the same character as that which Mr. Wells's insight enabled him to describe has just been completed by a naval constructor at Vitry-sur-Seine, and will shortly be used for bringing up ships and cargoes lying at depths too great for ordinary diving work. The globe is about eleven feet in diameter, and will accommodate three persons. It will be let down from a ship, and grappling irons manipulated from the inside will be used for making connexions with things to be hauled to the surface. Count Piatti dal Pozzo, the inventor of this

submarine workman, has already descended to a depth of ninety fathoms in it, and he proposes to go as deep as three hundred fathoms.

ANOTHER instance of Mr. Wells's prophetic power is afforded by the regrettable accident to Dr. Wölfert and a companion while testing a navigable balloon at Tempelhof a few days ago. Mr. Wells described a very similar machine in his *Argonauts of the Air*; he manned it with two persons; he propelled it, like Wölfert, with a benzine motor, and he brought it to just the same kind of end. The incidents of the Tempelhof catastrophe are, indeed, almost identical with those given in the story.

THE parody of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Quest of the Golden Girl*, which Mr. Lane has just issued under the title *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*, demands from its readers a closer knowledge of the career of Mr. Le Gallienne and the inner life of current literature than most persons possess. To the initiated it will be very amusing, though not, we fancy, amusing enough. That is its fault; it is clever, agile, full of acrobatics, but it ought to have more sheer fun. The following verses, apropos of nothing in particular, are neat. They occur in a piece called *The Compleat Angler*:

"And though he be of manners mild,
The trait in him is odd;
He certainly won't spare the child
Who may have spoiled the rod.

"His sense of etiquette is fine—
Politeness is his whim—
He always drops the fish a line,
To come and dine with him."

In a review of *The Treasure of the Humble* Mr. W. B. Yeats makes a sound suggestion to publishers. Often they find it necessary from the business point of view to preface a book with an introduction which, written in popular terms, shall draw the attention of the public to a work that, if it went without any such patronage, might be overlooked. To the reader who already knows the author these introductions are very naturally an annoyance, and Mr. Yeats's suggestion is that it would be well to perforate the pages on which they are printed in order that they may be torn out or retained at pleasure. Merely to slip the introductions in like circulars, he adds rather maliciously, would be to go too far, for numbers will always prefer them to the books themselves!

THE edition of Sheridan which Mr. Fraser Rae is editing is likely to be a great surprise to playgoers. There is an old story of a man who set out to follow a performance of *Lei on parle Français* with the book of words in his hand, but succeeded in tracing no likeness whatever to Mr. Toole's remarks on the stage and the author's on the page. It seems that *The School for Scandal* as it was originally written and a modern acting version, or even literary version, contain similar disparities. We have, in fact, nothing quite as Sheridan wrote it, not even the songs in *The Duenna*. Mr. Fraser Rae has had special facilities for setting this tangle right, and

his edition of Sheridan's plays will be of very great interest.

SIR WALTER BESANT has used his knowledge of the history of the century to some purpose in connexion with the late Jubilee. He wrote the articles for the *Illustrated London News* and for the *Queen*, and also for a Chicago firm a short volume on the Sixty Years' Reign.

EVERY assistant at a circulating or public library has a collection of humorous misquotations of titles on the part of customers. But sometimes it is the assistant who is at fault. A customer recently asked for *The Lady of the Aroostook*. After consultation with another employee, the assistant returned with the reply: "Will you have *The Lady or the Tiger* instead? *The Lady or the Rooster* is not in."

APROPOS to Mr. Howells, it is stated that he was asked recently for his autograph, and thought to confound the applicant by replying with the question, "Have you bought my last book?" The answer came with admirable promptness: "I have not. I want to sell your autograph in order to get enough money to buy it."

TWO interesting volumes by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger are in preparation. An account of the rise of our Empire in India will be closely followed by the life, now first written, of Sir Stamford Raffles, Governor of Java, and founder of Singapore. The account of our struggle for supremacy with the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago will be particularly appropriate at this time; while all those to whom British commercial enterprise is an interest will welcome this complete record of a remarkable man, who did a marvellous work in the early part of the century.

MAXWELL GRAY, who is known in private life as Miss Tuttielt, has finished a new novel, which, says Mr. Arthur Waugh, according to those who have had an opportunity of judging, is likely to be a serious rival in popularity of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*. The new book will appear in the autumn. *The Silence of Dean Maitland* still has a steady sale of some thousand copies a year.

TOLSTOI is said to be at work on a new novel, of which the Russian correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, gives the following account:

"The scene opens in a Russian law-court, where a young woman is tried for theft, and found guilty. During the trial one of the jury recognises her as one whom he had known some years before, and whom he had betrayed and then deserted. As the judge pronounces a sentence of imprisonment on the unfortunate woman, the jurymen feel that he is really the guilty person, and determines to make what amends he can. He visits the prisoner's cell and tells her of his intention, but she repulses him, saying her love has turned to hatred. Notwithstanding this, he accompanies her into exile in Siberia, sharing her hardships, and thus doing penance for his own sin."

ANATOLE FRANCE.

IN the choice, last autumn, of M. Anatole France for Académie glory, the immortality bestowed so rashly upon a living man by thirty-nine *confrères* is not futile. M. France bids fair to remain a classic, and it is fitting that a writer of so pure and limpid a style, of an erudition as exhaustive as it is quaint and rare, should find his career crowned with an honour that, in this case, is appropriate, while in so many others it is without significance or distinction. How many of all the Immortals introduced to their generation with pompous praise remain even for the next a memory, after the conventional eulogy pronounced by their successor before all Paris in its brightest array?

M. France is no mere modern man of letters (examples of which are so abundant), who writes polished prose and furnishes evidences of learning. However excellent and original his critical work may be considered, apart from taste and prejudice, it is not as a critic, or even as a charming writer, that he will appeal to the judgment of the future. For he is something considerably more. The exquisite fragrance and subtle simplicity of his prose reveal a quality more essential yet than charm for such permanence as he may claim. He has written, with a grace so artful as triumphantly to simulate unconsciousness and guilelessness, words as profound, as witty, and as wise as any the best classics of any land can offer. It is precisely this refinement of an incomparable art, the old-fashioned flavour of thought and delicate appreciation, the extreme subtlety of irony that recalls the bland false mediæval smile, and a captivating urbanity of wit and manner flowing through serene and temperate pages in modern language, that so completely fascinate us. There is the note of Sterne, —not affected, not imitated, not even reminiscent. It is the echo of a perfect affinity, whether unconscious or cultivated. Modern times, which M. France so clearly and caustically portrays, gather all the witchery of remote ages through the lucid and classical measure of his most perfect prose. There is no every-day picturesqueness, no vulgar brilliance, no cheap melodism to disturb us in our placid sensation of enchantment. His very obscenity is Pagan, and therefore, in some degree, endurable. His wit does not evoke laughter, but a smile, has more perfume than sparkle, yields a pervasive glow rather than hilarity.

M. France was born in 1844, and his first view of the world—Paris along the Seine—has been charmingly described in that innocent and attractive book—*Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. His childhood is delightfully evoked in the sweetest of child's books—*Le Livre de mon ami*. Is it perversity or sincerity that forces from him the assertion that the writing of these pleasant pages bored him? For never was a heavy task more lightly done; never were the panoramic impressions of a little Parisian lad more delicately and faithfully reproduced by the pen of cynical man. Not even Stevenson in his *Child's Garden* has achieved more vivid and quainter veracity in returning to

the dim and evanescent phases of childish thought and sentiment.

M. France was educated at the old Stanilaus, in Thackeray's street of Our Lady of the Little Fields, kept by priests. He maintains that the old system of éducation was greatly superior to the modern *lycée*. There were greater chances of erudition; boys were taught less, but taught better; foreign languages and the varied accomplishments of our time were not cultivated, but classical lore was the basis of instruction, with less superficial and richer results. The method was more individual, less administrative; and, instead of leaving school machines overfilled with ill-digested knowledge, boys fronted life with a narrow, sound, and serviceable education. Are we to thank this system for the graceful, personal, and penetrative flavour of scholarship in the work of M. France, which, even in his most pedantic mood, never sinks into triviality or display? True, he can be pedantic enough, and in that drollest of eighteenth-century revivals, *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédagogue*, pedantry and erudition often combine to stay the smile on his reader's lips: it is one of his own favourites, and he likes to recall the amusement the writing of it afforded him.

Of course he has his campaign to remember, like every other Frenchman of our days. His soldiering may not have greatly served poor France's cause or done much damage to the German army; but, if it did not help to arrest the Prussian advance, it at least enabled M. France to lie upon the ramparts in a noble attitude and recite for the benefit of a stupefied comrade the lamentable story of Dido. M. France is naturally very proud of this picturesque fact. Anyone may shoot an enemy down, but few, while bomb and shell are bursting in their ears, and the enemy's bayonets are pointed in their direction, would have mind left for the woes of Dido. Leaving these martial altitudes, it is less dizzy to follow M. France's modest literary career at this period. We find him more tranquilly, if less gloriously, helping to edit the *Dictionnaire d'Antiquité*, and blossoming into verse in a volume of *Poésies dorées*. Under Darwin's influence his chief article of faith, revealed in these gilded verses, is his belief in the survival of the fittest. There were, of course, other influences, notably that of Greek and Roman, to whom he owes chiselled phrase and clarity of idea. His devotion to these imperishable masters is the keynote of his intellectual individuality. Nearer home, first comes Racine, above all *Phèdre*. It delights him still to recite scenes from *Phèdre*, which he does well. Of foreign gods, Shakespeare is supreme. He greets him barbarian, as befits a polished Latin, but in the next breath devoutly murmurs that he is the only one. Shakespeare can hardly have influenced so French and unimaginative a nature, but such universal genius he qualifies as the greatest of all, then makes lighter mention of Rabelais, Cervantes, and Goethe in his intellectual training.

The solitude and silence of the *Bibliothèque du Sénat*, where unpretentious and impersonal labour supplied him with daily

bread, were a congenial atmosphere to a writer of learned bent, and until thirty he was content to mature without serious thought of production. It was then he wrote his first book, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, like M. Ludovic Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*, the delight of the French young person, habitually condemned to overseas fiction for propriety's sake. At forty he began to take himself gravely as the slave of ink, with the austere duty of producing a volume each year. This period he opened with that charming little book, *Le Livre de mon Ami*, precious because of its individual note and delicate humour. His four volumes of *Critiques Littéraires* are gathered articles contributed to the press, and reveal his gifts and qualities as a versatile journalist. Against the persistent personality of his criticism M. Brunetière has waged a ruthless war with his customary despotism of decision. But there is much to be said in favour of a "moi" so ironical and humorous as that of M. France. It may be the mission of the austerer critic to lift a weightier official voice in judgment, but charm and grace dwell with M. France, who, for that matter, denies all value whatever to literary criticism. He regards it as purely a question of convention and prejudice. He leaves the rostrum to the ponderous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and contents himself with chatting pleasantly to a public he does not take seriously, about books he takes less seriously, with no desire whatever to be taken too seriously himself.

Yet, strange to say of a writer who professes contempt of criticism, his own created work is to some extent marred by an excessive application of the critical method. He seems to count his words too rigidly, to watch too minutely the effect of each sentence, to exercise too ruthlessly the privilege of studied choice, with the result of a total lack of spontaneity. He is too careful, too measured a craftsman ever to carry away a single reader, too unimaginative ever to be carried away himself. Whatever he writes, he remains smilingly cold and unconvinced. The faintest touch of effervescence, a hint of impetuosity in restraint, would prove a bright relief against his mild, but implacable art. It would break refreshingly the temperate urbanity of his false and inscrutable smile. For he has too much the air of laughing at us artistically. His subtlety is too acquired, his humour too exquisitely literary to be sincere, too inhuman even despite its witchery and penetrative truth. And still the fascination of his irony remains irresistible. Instead of modern satire, he revives the vanished grace of mockery, the delicious frankness of mediæval perfidy, and envelopes sensualism in a decorative and suggestive quaintness. He can be offensive, as the love-scenes of that abominable masterpiece *Le Lys Rouge* prove. By such concessions to latter-day pornographic tastes he has marred what would otherwise have been a remarkable evocation of the old Florentine atmosphere of art and beauty, in splendid pages that have all the blinding brilliance and flash of jewels. Too learned, too artificial, but as fine and finished and

radiant as the best Florence in her glory has produced.

M. France's gifts are salient enough, though his supreme quality lies beyond casual survey. His charm is like the flavour of old wine, not meant for hurried appreciation nor to tempt the palate of the ordinary reader. His glamour is subdued, like the gentle fulgence of a late sunset, neither glowing nor glittering. If he lack conviction and sincerity, he is the least hypocritical of writers. Faithless he may be, but he smiles so winningly that we make light of his *je m'en fiche* air.

HANNAH LYNCH.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXV.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

IF Douglas Jerrold's books are no longer read, his witticisms are still the salt of many books. This is his misfortune. Many of Jerrold's "best things" seem trivial or cruel. The trivial ones lie at the door of those who have reported them; yet enough is left to prove Jerrold a great wit. As for the charges of acridity and cruelty hurled at Jerrold, they cannot be made with any safety. There are men who can and do say the sharpest things without wounding. The look, the manner, the twinkle in the eye, the known character of the man—these turn bitterness to merry banter in the very utterance. It is told of Sir Richard Burton that he was once found making the most hideous grimaces (wherein he was a past master) to a bright lad of four or five years. The boy was fascinated, but unafraid; he saw, what Burton himself could not disguise, the true man behind the simulated demon. And it is always the individual that makes a jest cruel or harmless. Therefore, when we read of Jerrold's reply to the man who said that a certain air had completely carried him away, "Can nobody whistle it?" we are not entitled to impute to him any rudeness. When another man exclaims at dinner, "Well, sheep's head for ever, say I"—and Jerrold replies, "There's egotism!"—we need not suppose that the egotist's dinner was spoiled for him. These jokes, it is true, were barely worth reporting, but at least let us remember that they have probably been reported badly. Jerrold said many good things which were not of the destructive order. It was he who opined that "if an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere, just to celebrate the event." He admired Carlyle, but remarked, very truly, that his teaching contained no definite suggestions: "Here," he said, "is a man who beats a big drum under my windows, and when I come running downstairs has nowhere for me to go." Jerrold may well have prided himself on sayings of this quality; but he was careless of his ordinary reputation as a wit. Like other wits, he was expected to be funny, and jokes were wrung from him that he could rate at their true worth. He was ambitious to be known as something better than a wit or a *farceur*, and it is to his credit that he wearied of making fun for *Punch*. It was into *The Story of a Feather*

(1844), *The Chronicles of Clovernook* (1846), and *A Man Made of Money* (1849), and into his best plays, that Jerrold put his heart. He would probably have gladly seen one of these acknowledged as his masterpiece, in place of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A TALK WITH THE LIBRARIAN OF THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

"YOU seem to be considerably upset, Mr. Welch?"

"Yes; the ball on Monday night! You see, the Library is liable to be annexed on these occasions. I don't pretend I like it, but I have no legal ground of complaint. The Corporation spent an enormous sum on this Library building, and they resolved that on festive occasions it should contribute to the festivity."

"Well, but don't all these hoardings and boardings injure the furniture and fittings?"

"I'm afraid they do, but that can't be helped. Come into this little room, will you; we can talk quietly there. What can I tell you about the Library?"

"A great many things, if you will. For instance, how do you keep it up?"

"Well, I can tell you that. The Corporation allows us £1,000 a year to purchase new books. Of course, there are certain drains on this sum. We have to buy new volumes of works already begun; to pay for our magazines, and the annual reports of learned societies, and what not. In the end we have, perhaps, £550 a year, exclusive of any special subsidies, to spend on entirely new books."

"And do you buy important new books promptly—for instance, Mr. Traill's sixth and final volume of *Social England* is just out. Have you bought that?"

"Oh, yes, it is already available to readers. We buy books of first-rate importance at once, generally speaking. But we have to be shrewd. Many a good book, you know, comes into the remainder market."

"It does."

"Well, we anticipate and wait. Memoirs, for instance, are apt to come down, and one can often secure a 32s. book of that class for 6s. a year or two after publication."

"May I ask you from whom you buy your new books—I don't mean who precisely—but do you go to retail booksellers?"

"Oh, yes. The bulk of our books are supplied by two retail City firms. We get the usual discount and a little more off in consideration of the fact that we allow these booksellers to submit books on approval."

"And are you large purchasers from second-hand booksellers?"

"Yes, I think I may say so. For instance, I search all second-hand booksellers' lists for books on London that we do not possess. You know our collection of books on London is unrivalled."

"Unrivalled?"

"Unrivalled."

"Well, has the Ashburnham sale interested you?"

"Oh, yes; we made some interesting purchases. We are trying to collect books

printed at early London presses, and we had saved £300 to spend at the Ashburnham sale. We spent it to advantage. Unfortunately, we had no chance of securing any of the Caxtons or Wynkyn de Worde; the prices these fetched were terrible—terrible. At another great sale we recently spent over £200 on Elizabethan books, mostly having some connexion with London."

"Tell me, will you, what class of readers come here?"

"Certainly. Merchants and City men generally come to consult books on commercial subjects. It is one of our main objects to serve the purposes of the commerce of London. Therefore we provide Directories for every part of the world, books on commercial law, and handy reference books of all kinds. Secondly, we have original workers, especially literary men, who are working up London subjects. Thirdly, young men and women who are attending technical classes in the City, the Gresham Lectures, the University Extension Lectures, and the Birkbeck Institute. These come in the luncheon hour or the evenings. Fourthly, professional men, architects, solicitors, engineers, who may be preparing papers for learned societies, or keeping themselves abreast of the culture of the day."

"And you can satisfy the needs of all these people?"

"Yes. Ours is a very well-selected library; it is also of a most respectable size, and we can hand you a book in three minutes."

"Do many people drop in at mid-day to read for sheer recreation?"

"Oh, undoubtedly!"

"And they ask for fiction?"

"Yes, but they only get the best. Of current fiction we can offer them practically nothing. But Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Kingsley, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, Disraeli, and some dozen others are at their disposal."

"But no living novelists?"

"Hardly any; we have one or two of Kipling's books. We have no Merediths. We have all Stevenson's books."

"Do you analyse the reading done here?"

"Yes, I take one typical day in each month and report on it to the Committee. Here are some of my reports."

"I see that on May 17 your principal entries are: Fiction, 12·52 per cent.; topography, 10·87; biography, 9·69; magazines, 7·32; fine arts, 6·85; useful arts, 4·72; newspaper files, 4·01. It seems an excellent record, Mr. Welch; but I am struck with the fact that your repression of fiction leaves it still at the top."

"Well, we can at least say that we keep only standard novels; and you will see that even in the partial list you have taken down serious reading stands at 40 per cent. as compared with 12 per cent. The great bulk of our reading is serious. Indeed, this is a students' library."

"Your own connexion with the Library has been a very long one, I believe, Mr. Welch?"

"I came to it as a boy, in 1864."

"You must be greatly attached to it."

"I am."

SALE OF THE ASHBURNHAM LIBRARY—(concluded).

THE first portion of this famous sale has realised, in all, £30,151 10s. It will be seen from the totals of each day that the third and sixth days alone brought almost half of this enormous sum: (1) £2,599 18s. 6d., (2) £1,950 6s. 6d., (3) £9,788 1s., (4) £2,779 6s. 6d., (5) £2,205 14s. 6d., (6) £5,259 4s., (7) £4,418 0s. 6d., and (8) £1,150 18s. 6d.

The items which swelled the sixth day's sale were all books printed either by Caxton or Wynkyn de Worde. Caxton's first edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" (1470), wanting fifteen leaves, was acquired by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto for £720. An almost perfect copy brought last year the large sum of £1,880; while the Barlaston Hall copy, defective in nineteen leaves, fetched £1,020. Caxton's second edition of Chaucer's "Tales," also defective, was bought by Messrs. Pickering for £300. The other Chaucers sold as follows: Pynson's Edition (1493), £233 (Pickering); another copy, very defective, £49 (Tregaskis); Wynkyn de Worde's second issue (1498), £1,000 (Pickering); Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde" (Pynson, 1526), £26 (Leighton); Chaucer's "Worke" (Godfray, 1532), £45 (Quaritch); (W. Bonham, 1542), £20 (Quaritch); (J. Kyngston, 1561), £31 (Bain); Pickering's edition of Chaucer's "Tales" (1830, on vellum), £34 (Leighton); Pickering's edition of Chaucer's "Romance of the Rose," &c. (1846, on vellum), £25 (Leighton); Wynkyn de Worde's edition of Chaucer's "Troilus" (1517), £110 (Quaritch).

Caxton's "Ordre of Chivalry" (1483-5) went to Messrs. Pickering for £345, and the same printer's edition of "The Boke named Corday" (1479), the same purchaser acquired for £760, imperfect as it was in eight leaves. A fine copy from Wynkyn de Worde's press of "The Floure of the Commendementes of God," commanded £85 (Tregaskis); while the copy of Columna's "Hypnerotomachia," which had belonged to the Emperor Charles V., went to Mr. Quaritch for £151. Other noteworthy items of this day are: Champier's "La Vie . . . des preux Chevalier Bayard" (Jehan Bonfons), £35 (Hain); "The Boke of the Cyte of Ladys" (Pepwell, 1521), £23 (Bain); the famous "Chronicle of St. Albans" (1483), £180 (Leighton); "The Fyrste Part of Churhyardes Chippes" (1578), £31 (Bain); "Tullyes Offyces" (De Worde, 1534), £35 (Bain); Cocker's "Arithmetick" (1678), £24 10s. (Townley); Comines' "Chronique et Histoire," in a Grolier binding, £38 (Quaritch); Thomas Danett's translation of the same (1601), £27 (Bain); Conrad von Megenberg's "Das Buch der Natur" (1478), £54 (Quaritch); Alexander Craig's "Poetical Recreations" (1609), a small volume of sixteen leaves, £49 (Townley); the first edition of Cranmer's "Catechism" (1548), £36 (Bain); and Cunningham's "Cosmographical Glasse" (1559), £42 (Quaritch).

The remaining two days may be summarised as follows: Daniel's "Works" (1601, first complete edition), £28 (Bain); the first edition known with a date of the whole of Dante's "Divina Comedia" (1472), £142 (Quaritch); De Bry's "Collectiones Peregrinationum" (1598-1619), £40 (Quaritch); Decker's "Villanies Discovered" (1620), £24 (Bain); Defoe's "Moll Flanders" (1721), £22 10s. (Ellis); Gilles Dewes' "Introduction for to Lerne to Rede" (Nic. Bousman), £30 10s. (Hazlitt); Caxton's "Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers" (1477), £1,320 (Quaritch); Diodorus Siculus' "Les Trois premiers Livres de l'Histoire" (1535), £151 (Quaritch); Caxton's "Doctrinal of Sapience" (1489), £660 (Quaritch); Gawin Douglas's "Palis of Honour" (1553), £81 (Ellis); Drayton's "Poems" and "Polyolbion" (1619-22), £27 (Hazlitt); Durandus' "Rationale

"Divinorum Officiorum" (1459, on vellum), £320 (Quaritch); Du Saix' "L'esperon de Discipline" (1532), £190 (Granville); Erasmus' "Exposition of the Grede" (1533), £24 10s. (Bain); Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), £20 10s. (Cotton); Florio's "Firste and second Fruites" (1578-91), £20 5s. (Quaritch); first edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" (1562-3), £150 (Quaritch); Froissart's "Chroniques" (illuminated), £190 (Leighton); Froissart's "Cronycles" (first edition of Berners' translation, 1523-5), £30 (Quaritch). The Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" was sold as complete, which means that this copy is, perhaps, the only copy known which may be so described.

Space forbids us entering into further details, but very many most interesting items brought over £10 each. Without a doubt this has been the most sensational book sale within recent years.

D R A M A .

WITH the two leading actresses of the French stage playing side by side, and in the case of "Frou-Frou" in direct contrast with each other, it was impossible that they could avoid some appearance of rivalry. Nor need it be supposed that they were anxious to do so. It is no secret that of late years the fickle public of the Boulevard have shown some inclination to depose the illustrious Sarah Bernhardt from her throne and to elect Mme. Réjane in her stead. That Mme. Sarah has been a good many years on the boards is true, and as the French proverb has it, "One cannot always be and have been." But she is a woman of remarkable vitality, as well as a wonderful actress, and though the curious profess to detect some falling off in her powers, it is probable that the waning of her popularity in Paris is mainly due to the occurrence of her long absences on tour, since she has made it pretty clear that *l'art pour l'art* is no longer, if indeed, it ever was, the guiding principle of her life. On the other hand, Mme. Réjane has been faithful for many years to her Parisian public, and the latter extend to her a corresponding measure of patronage and goodwill. To compare the two actresses more closely than this with a view to determining which is the greater would be a vain task. Each has a style of her own, and each at her best is unapproachable. I imagine, however, that when all accounts are cast up the palm of excellence will be accorded to Mme. Sarah, who, on the score alike of force, versatility, and what, commercially speaking, may be called output, has no small claim to be regarded as the greatest actress of the century, perhaps the greatest actress that the world has ever known.

MME. RÉJANE works upon a smaller scale than her rival. Within the range of her powers her artistic achievement may be of a higher order than that which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has been accustomed for many years to give to the world. But the latter sweeps the whole gamut of comedy and tragedy with sovereign ease, while the personality of the former adapts itself best to the portrayal of comedy characters having a basis of Bohemianism or vulgarity.

Hence the success of Mme. Réjane in "La Douloreuse" and "Mme. Sans-Gêne," and her comparative failure in "Frou-Frou," where, greatly daring, she has directly measured herself against Mme. Sarah. What manner of woman is Gilberte de Sartorys, otherwise Frou-Frou? Mme. Sarah Bernhardt depicts her as a victim to nerves and hysteria, acting upon impulse, giddy, frivolous, irresponsible, but not at heart vicious, and never more appreciative of her husband's goodness or more sensible of her love for him, her child or her sister, than after her downfall. In Mme. Réjane's hands the heroine of Meilhac and Halévy's famous play develops upon wholly different lines. She is more deliberate in her wrongdoing, more inherently corrupt, the victim of an evil heredity, or so it would seem; and for the first time one feels there is a certain fitness in her being provided with a prodigal and profligate parent like Brigard. Doubtless, the second conception is not less true in its way than the first. It may even appeal to the student of character as the more likely. But as to the relative value of the two Frou-Frous in a dramatic sense there can be no question. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's is infinitely the more touching, the more poetic, the more beautiful, and it is inconceivable that the torrents of tears that have been shed over "pauvre Frou-Frou" at her instance could ever be evoked by such a minx as Mme. Réjane portrays.

In these different interpretations we see the effect of personality, which, after all, remains the greatest factor in the actor's art. However cleverly the actor may disguise himself, he is at his best when he suits his part, or the conception which the public, for some reason or other, may have formed of his part. I willingly grant that the Frou-Frou of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, all nerve and goodness, is not a very real character, or that it is less real than the other, who is clearly her father's daughter. Still, to the minds of the present generation, no other Frou-Frou is so acceptable as the one she has moulded. It is always dangerous to attempt to recast the public conception of a character. Nothing but commanding genius can do it with impunity, and if Mme. Réjane smarts a little under her defeat, she is merely paying the natural penalty of her rashness. On her own ground, as in "Mme. Sans-Gêne," this fine actress has no rivalry to fear. There her personality aids her, as much as in "Frou-Frou" it militates against her.

THE explosive, hysterical style of which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is so consummate a mistress finds further illustration in "Spiritisme," the latest and, in some respects, the least satisfactory work that has come from the prolific pen of M. Sardou. "Spiritisme" hardly contains material enough for a play. It consists of one great scene, the setting of which would be better suited to a Christmas story—a fact which explains the small degree of favour with which this latest specimen of M. Sardou's handiwork has been received. On the pretence of going on some innocent railway journey a married woman elopes with an admirer. The train by which she is sup-

posed to travel is wrecked in a collision and partly-destroyed by fire, so that the bodies of the victims are in many cases unrecognisable. She is believed to be among the dead. Safe in her lover's retreat, she is free to begin life under new conditions; but she is painfully disillusionised when her lover shirks his responsibilities, and the outpouring of her contempt on this despicable person's head is checked only by her remorse as from her window she sees her husband bent with grief taking part in the obsequies of the victims of the railway disaster. From this combination of emotions is derived the great scene of the piece. But why the title "Spiritisme"? The betrayed husband is a spiritualist, as we gather from a table-rapping scene in the first act, and it is in the guise of a spirit that the repentant wife in the third act opens negotiations for a reconciliation. M. Sardou allows his characters to discuss the pros and cons of spiritualism in a manner which suggests that he has some personal sympathy with the doctrine, but in the end he employs it only as a device for bringing about an ineffective *dénouement*. He is a dramatist first and a spiritualist afterwards. For the sake of the one scene in which the actress rises to her full height in the manifestation of scorn and grief, it is a pity that the dramatist's hand should here, to some extent, have lost its cunning.

As another exemplification of the force of personality, I may mention the poor effect produced by the charming young Austrian actress, Mme. Odilon, in attempting what is technically known as a "breeches" part. She is much too feminine in style, physically as well as morally, to make a good stage boy. The experiment was an unfortunate one, and shows how readily the actress might have marred her London season had she chosen this character for her *début*. In fact, she has not succeeded in extending or deepening the highly favourable impression she created in "Untreue." The repertory of the "Volks-theater," so far as it has been exhibited at Daly's Theatre, is open to the reproach of being shallow and trivial. The pieces are pleasant drawing-room sketches that create no lasting impression. They are the entertainment theory of the drama pushed to an extreme. Better the problem play or musical farce than this dulcet monotony!

As a theatrical record, Mr. William Archer's compilation of his weekly dramatic criticisms for the past year (*The Theatrical World of 1896*: Walter Scott) will be welcomed; but he is too much out of sympathy with the theatrical tastes of the day to be an ideal chronicler, and it may be that the most valuable part of this volume will be the synopsis of play-bills given in the appendix. Mr. Archer lives in a little theatrical world of his own, and has no hesitation in banning everything which does not fit into it. The special object of his aversion appears to be the popular drama, governed by what he calls "the law of the hundred thousand." Accordingly, he pleads in an introduction for the endowment of a "non-commercial play-house"—i.e., a theatre where only such plays as afford Mr. Archer

pleasure should see the light. This is a right royal attitude for a dramatic critic to take up, and while he was about it Mr. Archer might also have put in a plea for the endowment of unpopular or unreadable criticism, especially as he could not, in that respect at least, be suspected of selfish motives. Mr. Archer's defects as a critic are the defects of his qualities. But why does he devote so much time and trouble to the worthless drama now in vogue. Can it be that he has the same secret regard for it as a husband is understood to entertain for the wife whom he is in the habit of beating once a week?

J. F. N.

SCIENCE.

THE paper recently read by Dr. Russell before the Royal Society opens up some very perplexing problems as to the nature of the rays which appear to emanate from many familiar substances—rays capable, like those discovered by Lenard and Röntgen, of affecting a sensitive photographic plate. That an active source of energy such as a Crookes tube should give rise to these rays is not in itself surprising. We get to a more difficult stage of the phenomenon in Becquerel's experiments, which showed that various uranium compounds possess the power of leaving an image upon a sensitive plate if locked up with it in the dark. Even uranium, however, has marked fluorescent properties which might be responsible for this effect. In many of Dr. Russell's experiments one can trace no such evident reason for the action. Mercury, zinc, magnesium, cadmium, aluminium, nickel, pewter, bismuth, lead, tin, cobalt, antimony, among the metals, all appear to give out radiations capable of affecting a sensitive plate, and will leave images of themselves after standing upon one in the dark for about a week. Gold, platinum and iron, on the other hand, exhibit little or no power of the kind.

THAT the images are not due to mere contact appears from the fact that a figure scratched upon the polished face of a sheet of zinc reproduced itself. The interposition of a coat of varnish between the metal and the plate serves only to increase the effect. Glass, on the contrary, stops it in the case of Dr. Russell's experiments, whereas with uranium it does not. A further curious point is that many substances other than metals—e.g., straw, wood, charcoal and printer's ink—possess the same property. A section of young larch was shown to print its formation clearly on a plate, so that the rings and bark could be made out. Charcoal would lose its power after heating in a crucible. An interesting point about the inks was that all were not equally active. Some newspapers would leave an impress of their characters, others would not. In many cases the activity was increased by heating the body, and diminished by cooling it. Such are the main facts announced by Dr. Russell, who has opened up a new field in this most fruitful branch of research. What the ultimate explanation of his discoveries may be we have yet to learn.

THE spirit of Layard might admire the completeness with which Mr. Haynes, in command of the American excavations at Niffer, in Southern Babylonia, has revealed the history of that great temple and fortress. The work itself is of an arduous character, not unattended with personal risk, but Mr. Haynes has continued at his post uninterrupted since about 1890, and besides mapping the ruins of various dates which underlie each other on the site, has furnished Dr. Hilprecht at home with masses of inscriptions for decipherment. The upper temple and tower of Niffer, girt with a wall fifty feet in thickness, was built by Ur-gur about 2600 years B.C. Below this was another founded by Sargon I. and his son, whose names were stamped upon the bricks. Further down were still other temples of unknown antiquity. Judging by the height of the débris which covered them, Mr. Haynes conjectures that 6000 B.C. is about the date of these ruins. From the inscriptions Mr. Haynes has shown that Niffer was one of a number of important and flourishing cities between the years 4000 and 2500 B.C., and he has acquired a large amount of valuable information relating to the customs and religion of the Babylonians in those remote ages. A preliminary account of the work has already appeared in the *Transactions* of the American Philosophical Society, and has recently been reprinted by the University of Pennsylvania, which organised the excavations.

DR. FRANK H. CUSHING, in *Science*, relates a remarkable case of primitive surgery among the Zuñi Indians, of which he was a witness. The case was one of inflammation arising from a bruise on the foot, and spreading until the whole leg appeared to have mortified up to the point of blood poisoning. The operation, which was conducted with great skill so far as relates to avoidance of vein, artery and tendon, consisted in opening up the central wound with lancets made of glass and obsidian, clearing away all traces of disease from the bone, removing diseased tissue, and washing very thoroughly with an antiseptic fluid decocted from willow roots. Nothing could have been neater or more scientific than the whole proceeding, which ended in complete recovery; yet the theory which underlay it was of the most primitive possible kind. The belief was that bad blood must be removed and good blood infused, to form new flesh; that as blood is the source of new flesh, so water is the source of blood, or even of life; and as the willow grows in water, its roots must contain the source of life. The fact that an infusion of willow root is red strengthens this belief. Fester was attributed to the action of worms, and the careful removal of diseased tissue was intended to extirpate not only the worms, but the seed of them. Finally, at a critical point of the operation, a fetish was laid on the wound, and was supposed to dispel the last traces of malignancy. Dr. Cushing's account of the proceedings forms a curious contribution to the history of medicine among primitive peoples; and should be looked up by those who are interested in the subject.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

THE "Evangelimann," words and music by Wilhelm Kienzl, was produced at Covent Garden last Friday week. The work came out about two years ago, in Germany, where it has enjoyed considerable popularity. The book has its strong and its weak points. I will tell the story as briefly as possible. Two brothers, Johann and Mathias, are in love with Martha, niece of the Justice and Principal of St. Othmar Monastery: the one is a teacher, the other a clerk. Mathias is the favoured one. Johann tells the Principal of his brother's boldness in aspiring to the hand of his niece. Mathias is dismissed from his post, and Johann, seeing the lovers meet for a last farewell, sets fire to the school-house, close by. Mathias is suspected of the deed, seized, and condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. Between the first and the second act thirty years are supposed to have elapsed. Mathias has suffered his long punishment, has come out of prison, and, after many wanderings and many rebuffs, turns "Evangelimann"—i.e., he goes about singing texts of Scripture and hymns, in order to gain a scanty livelihood. All this he relates to Magdalena, Martha's friend in former days, who recognises him, in spite of his grey hairs and generally changed appearance. The singing of Mathias and of some children whom he gathers round him are heard by a man in a neighbouring house, who is dying. He is soothed by the gentle singing. He sends for Mathias, who recognises his brother Johann. The latter confesses his sin, and craves forgiveness, which is granted. He dies, and as the curtain falls the children are heard singing of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

The book has its strong and its weak points. A certain simplicity and earnestness make for strength, which is intensified by the Christian form in which it is presented. The semi-religious character of the drama might twenty or thirty years ago have proved distasteful. But now, thanks in large measure to Wagner, who breathed into his latest music-drama a Christian spirit of the purest, no such religious objections would be raised by any reasonable person. The story, however, is not developed with sufficient art. The "Evangelimann" is naturally the centre of attraction, yet for all that, if some of the other characters had been less of lay figures, the drama would have proved more powerful. The gentle manner in which Johann is forgiven by his brother offers a fine contrast to the fierce jealousy and fiendish conduct of the unsuccessful lover in the first act. Had Mathias learnt the truth at the time he would undoubtedly have sought immediate revenge; suffering softened his nature. But the composer seems to have fancied that some relief was necessary to the pervading sombreness of his drama. Hence he has introduced into the first act a tavern scene, which certainly shows considerable skill and a true vein of humour, yet it seems to me altogether out of the picture. The *taberna personæ*, once the scene over, are heard of no more.

The music of the "Evangelimann" is very much in the Wagner vein. There are many reminiscences, and throughout the composer indulges in phraseology which sounds very familiar. Up to a certain point the strong influence of a great master does no harm; nay, rather good. Is it thus with Kienzl? At present I feel unable to decide. After the second performance I shall feel better able to express an opinion. I confess that the work interested me. Anyhow, I determined to hear it again.

THE last Philharmonic Concert of the season took place on Thursday evening, July 1, when the programme opened with an Overture entitled "Spring and Youth," from the pen of Mr. Herbert Bunning. There is some good writing in this piece, but little inspiration. The overture may reflect credit on the composer, yet it does not—as is the case with all music likely to live—create a wish to hear it a second time. It is difficult to be fair to Mr. Bunning; the very fact of his Overture being performed by a society of a certain standing led one to expect something much above the common, but this expectation was not fulfilled. There was another novelty on the same evening—a Symphony in E flat (No. 4), by Alexander Glazounow, a Russian composer, of whom a later Symphony was recently played at one of Mr. Wood's concerts. At the Philharmonic he himself conducted his work. As in the Fifth Symphony, so here there are many signs of careful thought and skilful workmanship, I cannot say that the music made any deep impression. The composer is not a born conductor, and certainly did not present his work in the best light. Then, again, one cannot help comparing symphonies by Russian musicians with those of Tschaikowsky; and that is a hard comparison. Once more, Tschaikowsky is dead, and that alone makes one judge him more favourably: the grave is the true vestibule to fame. Of the three movements of the Glazounow Symphony I much prefer the middle one. M. Alexander Siloti played Beethoven's piano-forte Concerto in E flat. He is an exceedingly clever pianist, but his reading of the work lacked nobility—at times, indeed, in the last movement, it was coarse. Sir A. C. Mackenzie was apparently not pleased with the rendering; at any rate, he did not look after the orchestral parts with the care which they deserve.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

London: June 23.

In the otherwise fair and accurate account which your reviewer has given of my book on the *History of Intellectual Development* in the ACADEMY there are one or two inaccuracies of such vital importance that were they left uncorrected they would give quite a false impression of the drift of the book as a whole. I trust, therefore, that you will give me space to set the matter right. The first is where your reviewer, in commenting on my appendix on Plato, says that the views of Plato "are set forth in such a way as to leave the reader in doubt whether Dr. Crozier himself still believes in the objective existence of the

Platonic essences, archetypes, affinities, hierarchies, bodiless but still spherical deities, transmigration of souls, and the rest of it," which are connected with that system. Of course, this is absurd. The system of Plato, both as a whole and in its parts, is for modern minds as dead as the Dodo, and would be as impossible to revive. It is one thing to believe in the superiority of Platonism over all other systems of ancient philosophy, and quite another to imagine that we could return to it to-day. I thought I had made that abundantly clear.

A second misconception of your reviewer is where, in commenting on the attempt which I make in the book to show from actual history that given the germs of a new religion or philosophy, it is possible to lay down the successive stages of its evolution beforehand, he asks in effect if I imagine that the discoveries of a Newton, a Darwin, or a Spencer could be so anticipated? But in my introductory chapter I expressly show that neither the discoveries of science, nor the evolution of any religion or philosophy which is liable to be affected by new scientific discoveries, can be foreseen by the human mind.

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Francis Thompson's
"New Poems."
(Constable.)

Or the less laudatory notices, that which appeared in the *Saturday* is the most severe. The poet is charged with "disorder": "These odes begin in one key, are shifted to another, take up a fresh subject, drop it, and at length, as if merely wearied of their aimless flight, drop suddenly or cease in the air." "The Mistress of Vision" (of which, in the *Speaker*, Mr. Quiller-Couch says that it is "the finest thing in this new volume," having "the full mystery of romantic beauty with little of that obscurity" which annoys him in some other ambitious poems) is taken as an example of obscurity. These, says the critic, after quoting the passage beginning "Her song said that no springing," "... are mere nonsense-verses, very melodious, and in a vague way distinguished; but the impression they leave behind them is purely sensuous, as of winds of words upon an Aeolian harp." Having given instances of verbal innovations, and excused himself by considerations of space from commenting on the "confusion of syntax, the positive grammatical solecisms, the execrable rhymes," the writer concludes: "We hasten to admit that Mr. Thompson is a poet. He has elevation of fancy, richness of diction, and a touch of genuine sublimity. . . . The output of his irregular and ill-trained talent should have been subjected to the severest tests." The following from Mr. Quiller-Couch's *causerie* in the following week's *Speaker* reads like a comment: "Undoubtedly Mr. Thompson's poetry has exasperating tricks which most of us believe to be blemishes. Undoubtedly the eulogies of his friends have been at once so precipitate and so defiant as to lead us to suspect that he is being shielded from frank criticism. . . . On the other hand, to be stung into denying that he is a poet, and an extraordinarily fine poet, is to lose one's head just as wildly and less pardonably." The *Athenaeum* allows that he "has the ecstasy; but unfortunately he has not realised that ecstasy, if it is to

be communicated from soul to soul and not merely from mouth to ear, must be whispered, not shouted." "He is a verbal intelligence. He thinks in words, he receives his emotions from words, and the rapture which he certainly attains is the rapture of the disembodied word." "He has a singular mastery of verse. . . . No one can cause a more vague, ardent feeling in the sympathetic reader. . . . There are times when the fire in him burns clear through its enveloping veils of smoke, and he writes passages of real splendour."

"The first thing to be done," writes the *Chronicle*, "and by far the most important, is to recognise and declare that we are here face to face with a poet of the first order, a man of imagination all compact, a seer and singer of rare genius. . . . The intellectual note of Mr. Thompson's writings is, as we know, an ardent mysticism, passing over every now and then into devotional fervour." His "master-quality resides, no doubt, in the inexhaustible wealth and splendour of the imagery in which he expresses elemental and mystical facts. . . . He revels indeed, in orgiac imageries (the epithet be on his head, not on ours), and revelry implies excess. But when the excess is an excess of strength, the debauch a debauch of beauty, who can condemn or even regret it?" In reference to his verbal licences, "one's impulse is rather to say, 'Go on and prosper—play what pranks you please with the English language; Latinise, neologise, solecise as you will; make past participles from nouns and verbs transitive from adjectives; devise gins and springs for the tongue out of cunningly knotted sibilants and dental consonants; pause not to distinguish between grotesque conceits and noble images; only continue to write such lines . . . and everything, everything shall be forgiven you.'" In a similar tone the *Daily News* writes: "It is not of the slightest use to whip the offender. He does not mind; he has had so much of it. And besides, his faults lie so completely on the surface that there is a sort of poverty of spirit in taking too much notice of them. On the contrary, you are tempted rather to make them a new ground of reverence. They are so obvious, they could be so easily avoided, that they suggest a sort of inevitableness of poetic possession."

"This book," says the *Pall Mall*, which writes itself down a "chastened admirer," "has a considerable variety of fare, and in certain poems Mr. Thompson is at his very best. But there is much tedious, some ill-considered, and not a little thoroughly inartistic work—Banjo-Browning, and, what is still worse, Crashaw-Kipling. . . . The first poem [“The Mistress of Vision”] is quite superb in its solemn mysticism. It matters little what it means, but it is the very demon of poetry. . . . There is a terrible poem called an ‘Anthem of Earth’ [“perhaps the noblest poem in the book.”—*Chronicle*], without form and void, rhymeless, and like the work of a mediaeval and pedantic Walt Whitman. The sonnets are crabbed and like a voice from the tomb. In the poem ‘Assumpta Maria,’ which we have already had occasion to mention, Mr. Thompson is at his lowest level."

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